

The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 35.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1906.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

WE MUST PART. THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

In our preparations for stock-taking we find goods that must go. The only reason is they are ODD LOTS, ODD SIZES, or SLIGHTLY MUDDLED.

Should you take an active part in this sale you will be greatly pleased with the goods and the handsome saving.

Corset Dept.

Here are odd lots, W. B. Thompson's Glove Fitting and R. & G. All makes of high standard. These are of the \$1.00 quality.

Parting price, 69c.

Dressing Sacques

which have been somewhat mussed in the rush of Holiday trade. They are made from good quality Arnold flannel and Swansdown in a large assortment of colors.

SACQUES of 98c., \$1.25 and \$1.50.

Parting price, 50c.

SACQUES of \$1.98 quality.

Parting price, 98c.

Lounging Robes

of soft and warm Swansdown. Shades of blue and pink in fine combinations of colorings, neatly trimmed. They are odd lots from our big stock, \$3.50 quality.

Parting price, \$1.98

Neckwear

in the finest designs of silk and chiffon, slightly mussed from the Holiday rush, 50c. quality.

Parting price, 25c.

Yard Wide

Flannelette.

Stray pieces that seem to have been left over from large stock. Pretty colors and 15c. quality.

Parting price, 10c.

Jasper Waistings

in very pretty stripes and figures. Cannot be beaten for shirt waists. Our regular price, 12 1-2c.

Parting price, 9c.

Flannelette

in very desirable styles and colors. Our 10c. quality but we are a little over-stocked.

Parting price, 7 1-12

Flannelette Gowns

that have no outs but are fresh and of the best quality of outing. Colors are blue, pink and white. Plaited yoke nicely embroidered with white. Wristband also embroidered. The reason for changing the price of these \$1.50 goods is, our 98c. quality are all sold, thus this

Parting price, 98c.

Shirt Waists.

These in this department is still on a money saving basis for you.

Thomas Smiley

Telephone 112-2.

127-129 MAIN STREET,

NORWAY

MAINE.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Main Street.

BETHEL,

MAINE.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Dr. Coolidge of Waterford was in town, Sunday.

Mr. Eli Stearns is shipping his apples to Boston.

Miss Sara Farwell is visiting relatives in Foxcroft.

Mr. Lambert, night operator, spent Wednesday with friends in Berlin.

Mr. C. E. Arno went to Gorham, N. H., Thursday, returning the first of the week.

Mr. F. L. Edwards had two cows killed on the G. T. R. track, Monday evening.

Mrs. Alice Farwell visited relatives in Gilead, last Tuesday, returning Wednesday.

The Ladies' Aid will meet with Mrs. H. C. Andrews, Thursday, Jan. 18, at half past two.

Mr. Samuel Hawley has been the guest of Mr. T. B. Kendall and W. F. Kendall and family.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. J. U. Purington, Thursday afternoon at three o'clock.

Mrs. Aldema Brown of North West Bethel is the guest of Mrs. A. F. Copeland for a few days.

Mr. Arthur Lary of Jersey City, N. J., was a guest of his sister, Mrs. Alice Farwell, last Monday.

Owing to a break in the machinery the chair factory has been shut down for a few days. It started this morning.

Friends of John Preston True of Boston will be interested to know that he has been enjoying a pleasure trip to Virginia and Washington.

Dr. and Mrs. Gehring have been heard from, word being sent from the Azores. All will be pleased to learn that thus far they had had a pleasant voyage and were well and happy.

Miss Anna Carlson is away for a two months' vacation. While gone she will visit friends in Cleveland, Ohio, New York and Boston. While in the latter city she will be joined by her mother, Mrs. Christine Carlson.

A merry party from the Delinda enjoyed a most delightful moonlight ride one evening last week. The excellent sleighing and coasting have not been wasted of late as sleighing and coasting parties have been the order of the evenings.

On account of the storm there was no meeting of the W. C. T. U. Tuesday afternoon and the Union will meet with Mrs. F. S. Chandler, next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock, Jan. 23. The subject will be Sabbath Observance.

Rev. Vincent Ravi and wife of Winchester, Mass., spent a few days last week with Mr. Ravi's sister Mrs. F. B. Schoonover. They returned to their home the last of the week, accompanied by Mrs. Schoonover and niece, Miss Rosa Brooks.

Mrs. E. E. Chase who has already won an enviable reputation as a butter maker, comes to the front this winter with her usual good record. During the past year from an average of seven cows she has made 1990 lbs. of butter, after using all the cream needed in her family and raising three veal calves.

Mr. W. W. Hastings has dispelled all former doubts, if we ever had any, that bachelors could not entertain, for last week this clever gentleman entertained royally at Prospect Hotel, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Straw, Mrs. C. S. Littlehale, Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. T. F. Hastings and Mrs. and Miss Frye at dinner, in honor of his uncle, Hon. M. M. Hastings and wife of Bangor. Mine host Messrs. King & Green understand most happily the art of meeting the requirements of their guests, both in the attractive arrangement of the table and excellent quality of their cuisine.

Mrs. Etna Lane visited friends in town last week.

Mrs. Melinda Bean is spending a few weeks with Mrs. W. E. Abbott on High street.

Mrs. H. S. Pushard has returned from a few days' visit with her parents at Mechanic Falls.

The next meeting of the Merry-meeting Flinch Club will be held at the usual place to-morrow evening.

Mr. J. C. Billings has recovered from his recent illness sufficiently to resume his duties at the post office.

Brown Post has secured Past Dept. Commander, E. C. Milliken of Portland for Speaker Memorial Day.

Hon. M. M. Hastings and wife who have been spending a few days with relatives in town have returned to their home in Bangor.

Just look in to Pushard's if you want to see the best line of candy in town. Received by express to-day. All fresh. Every kind you want at 20-30-40-50 cents a pound.

The Universalist Sunday school has been reorganized, new supplies added and quite a novel order of procedure established whereby interest in the work of the school along all lines is sure to be increased. The pastor begun, the first Sunday of the year, ten minute lectures on a systemized knowledge of the Bible, especially adapted to the young, but both interesting and profitable to adults. The greatest Biblical scholars—the Germans—will be relied upon as authority on specially fine points. From the fertile brain of Miss Stella Bartlett, our secretary, has arisen a novel scheme for the social side of our work—quarterly socials, the first is to be the spider web. All, not otherwise interested should be on the alert to merit the profits of our school.

Letters for the following are advertised at the postoffice: Mrs. Bert Lufkin. Mr. Edw. A. Davis.

Annual Banquet.

This annual New Year's roast chicken banquet will be given in the dining hall of the Congregational church on the evening of Thursday, Jan. 25. A first class dinner of hot roast chicken with vegetables, cranberry sauce, celery, fruit etc., will be served.

There will be no numerous and lengthy speeches, but beside some enjoyable music, a few words of a selected number of post prandial speakers will add to the pleasure of occasion.

Dinner will be served at six o'clock. Tickets 35 cents.

The Library Benefit.

The Flinch party given at Prospect Hotel last Friday evening for the benefit of the library was very well attended. The proceeds amounted to \$17.50 and the trustees of the library extend thanks to all who attended as well as to those, who, unable to be present, were thoughtful enough to send in a contribution.

CHURCH NOTES

METHODIST.

Morning Preaching Service at 10.45. Sunday School 12.00. Epworth League 6.15. Evening Preaching Service 7.15.

CONGREGATIONAL.

Next Sunday morning the theme of the sermon will be the Life Service of Benjamin Franklin.

Sunday school at 12 o'clock. Lesson, Right Conduct toward God.

Christian Endeavor meeting at 6.45 o'clock. Topic, Jesus' Boyhood.

The pastor's half hour following at 7.30. The proverb, "The sun never goes out though clouds are about." Sacred selections by the phonograph at this service.

A cordial welcome to all.

UNIVERSALIST.

Special music will be rendered at the Y. P. C. U. in Pattee chapel next Sunday evening.

Installation of Officers of Brown Post and Woman's Relief Corps.

On Wednesday evening Jan. 10, occurred the installation of the officers of Brown Post and Woman's Relief Corps. Each member had the privilege of inviting one or more friends and the result was that a friendly and interested audience was present to witness the installation and partake of the bountiful refreshments served later.

The exercises were considered by all present as being especially fine, the flag work making the work exceedingly interesting. After the installation an hour was spent in singing the ever pleasing army songs and in sociability. Comrade A. M. True acted as installing officer of the Post and Mrs. Sarah E. Putnam, Dept. I. and I. officer assisted by Mrs. Grace Tyler as Conductor installed the officers of the Corps. The following are the officers of the Corps as installed:

Pres.—Ida J. Burk.
Sen. Vice Pres.—May R. Bartlett.
Jun. Vice Pres.—Lizzie Morgan.
Sec.—C. S. Littlehale.
Treas.—E. E. Burnham.
Chap.—Carrie M. Arno.
Pat. Inst.—Sarah E. Putnam.
Press Cor.—Evelyn E. Coburn.
Conductor—Sarah E. Putnam.
Guard—Ella F. Bartlett.
Asst. Conductor—Evelyn E. Coburn.
Asst. Guard—Bessie Keany.
Color Bearers—Alberta Kendall, Angie Chapman, Mabel Wheeler, Effie Hall.
Musician—Martha Kendall.

The officers of Brown Post are:
P. C.—H. C. Barker.
S. V. C.—A. H. Hutchinson.
J. V. C.—M. R. Coburn.
Surgeon—J. O. Sanborn.
Chaplain—J. H. Barrows.
Quarter Master—A. S. Chapman.
Adj.—A. M. True.
Q. D.—L. N. Bartlett.
Q. G.—I. C. Jordan.

The Installation of Sunset Rebekah Lodge.

The installation of officers of Sunset Rebekah Lodge No. 64, took place at their hall Monday evening. A good number of Odd Fellows and their wives and Rebekahs were present. Following the installation a short but pleasing entertainment was given and refreshments of ice cream and cake were served.

District Deputy Curtis and Grand Marshall Lerry of West Paris, assisted by the grand officers of the lodge, installed the officers as follows:

N. G.—Carrie M. Arno.
V. G.—Fannie Bisbee.
Chaplain—Fannie Barton.
Warden—Lula M. Arno.
Conductor—Angie Wright.
I. G.—Susie Plaisted.
O. G.—T. B. Kendall.
Treas.—Susie Edwards.
Sec.—Anna French.
Fin. Sec.—Marcia Hastings.
R. S. N. G.—Minnie Frost.
L. S. N. G.—Eva B. Fox.
R. S. V. G.—Alice Farwell.
L. S. V. G.—Lillian Stearns.

Death of Miss Alice R. Hamilton.

News was received yesterday of the death of Miss Alice Hamilton, daughter of Rev. A. Hamilton, at her home in Sanford. Miss Hamilton was possessed of a very sweet, loving disposition and during her father's pastorate in the M. E. church of this place she won many friends who extend their heartfelt sympathy to the family in their bereavement.

She has borne her suffering with fortitude and bravely fought to regain her health but surrendered her will to the higher will with the same loving faith which ever characterized her life.

Funeral services were held at Sanford to-day and the remains will be brought here for burial to-morrow in the family lot at Woodlawn cemetery where a short service will be held, the weather permitting.

DIED.

In Bethel, Jan. 10, Mrs. Jane B. Annas, wife of Newell B. Annas, aged 78 years, 8 months and 10 days.

In Middle Intervale, Jan. 13, Mr. Ward K. Sanborn, aged 72 years, 11 months and 9 days.

WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Neighbors.

Lumbermen complain of a lack of snow.

The roadbreakers were out Thursday for the first time this year.

Daniel E. Mills of Norway was in town last week.

Mrs. Dennis and son are with relatives in Gilead village.

Charles Ruggles of Norway visited Henry A. Cross and other friends here one day last week.

Such delightful weather and fine sleighing in January is quite rare in Oxford County.

Mrs. L. D. Grover has been quite ill for three weeks.

Wesley Dennis has gone to Boston where he hopes to have steady employment on one of the street railways of that city.

E. P. Philbrook has gone into the dog business and has a kennel of full blooded Scotch Collie puppies for sale.

Charles F. Reed of Hartford is on his annual peddling trip through Bethel and adjoining towns.

Four Hundred Babies.

St. Vincent's Infant Asylum, Chicago, shelters homeless waifs awaiting adoption, and there are nearly 400 babies there. Sister Julia writes: "I cannot say too much in praise of Foley's Honey and Tar for coughs, colds, croup and whooping cough. Contains no opiates and is safe and sure. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and insist upon having it, as it is a safe remedy and certain in results. Refuse substitutes. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. F

EAST BETHEL.

Alder River Grange held a very pleasant meeting in their new hall Friday evening, Jan. 12. The third and fourth degrees were conferred on two candidates, followed by installation of officers with Bro. A. T. Powers, P. M. of Bear River Grange as installing officer, assisted by Mrs. May Kimball. Officers installed as follows:

Master—J. H. Swan.
Overseer—A. B. Farwell.
Leoturer—D. C. Foster.
Steward—Carl Swan.
Ass't Steward—Edgar Swan.
Chaplain—Mrs. Agnes Howe.
Treasurer—Mrs. May Farwell.
Secretary—F. B. Rowe.
Ceres—Mrs. Nina Swan.
Pomona—Mrs. Lizzie Bartlett.
Lady Ass't Steward—Jennie Swan.
Organist—Miss Ella Farwell.

Flora, Mrs. Carrie Bartlett and Gate Keeper, S. Mayconell were unable to be present. Visitors were present from Bear River Grange, Newry and Franklin Grange, Bryant Pond. After the installation, coffee, cake and fruit were served and a social hour passed.

Beats the Music Cure.

To keep the body in tune," writes Mrs. Mary Brown, 20 Lafayette Place Poughkeepsie, N. Y., "I take Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are the most reliable and pleasant laxative I have found." Best for the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Guaranteed by all druggists. 25c. B

GROVER HILL.

The very best of sleighing and teaming.

Bad colds have been prevalent here for a week or two.

Miss Marion Bennett who has been ill is slowly improving.

Beatrice Blake was ill and unable to attend school a part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Abbott of the Flat were in this place, one day last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Powers of Newry were guests at Fred Munt's, also Herbert Kendall and family of Sunday River.

Mr. Fritz J. Tyler of Bethel village was at his farm here, Saturday.

Miss Eva Bryant who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Rose Boyce for a short visit has returned to her sister's, Mrs. Frank Billings at West Bethel.

Phonograph

would afford you a lot of entertainment at small expense. No skill required to run them and they will play all kinds of music sing songs, or recite as you wish. Call and here one played and let me tell you its advantages over all others.

Easy payments if desired.

Large line of Records.

EDWARD KING

BETHEL, MAINE.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning seven words to the line.

I saw it among the Business Pointers.

You can save money if you will buy your footwear at Smiley Shoe Store, Norway.

Some broken lots of stationery at very low prices. Envelopes three cents a package that usually cost from ten to fifteen cents. Paper five cents a quire, regular prices from 8 cents to 20 cents. At King's.

Come in and hear the Phonographs at King's; all the new records.

A petition that sentence be imposed Jan. 19, on Chas. L. Tucker, who stands convicted of murdering Miss Mabel Page was filed with the Superior Court in Boston Jan. 11, by Atty. Gen. Herbert Parker. The penalty in that state of first degree murder of which Tucker was convicted in Jan. 1905, is death by electrocution. Miss Page was stabbed to death at her home in Weston, March 31, 1904. Tucker's counsel are still hopeful of obtaining a new trial on exceptions.

A reasonable amount of food thoroughly digested and properly assimilated will always increase the strength. If your stomach is a "little off" Kodol Dyspepsia Cure will digest what you eat and enable the digestive organs to assimilate and transform all foods into tissue-building blood. Kodol relieves Sour Stomach, Belching, Heart-Burn and all forms of Indigestion Palatable and strengthening. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. DW

USE OF WASTE HARDWOOD

By-Products of Michigan Sawmills Return Appreciable Money Profits.

All the world's woodcutters might be millionaires if they knew how to gather up the 12 baskets of industrial crumbs as does a distilling plant in a Michigan town. This establishment has a capacity of 99 cords of hardwood a day, the wood consumed being stabs, crooked logs, treetops, and other hardwood offal from logging and lumbering operations. From one cord of this material there is made ten gallons of wood alcohol, 98 1/2 per cent. being pure; 200 pounds of acetate of lime, quicklime being added for this purpose, and 50 bushels of charcoal. Every product of the wood except the charcoal passes off in the form of gas and is reduced by distillation. Some irreducible gas and a little tar product are used as fuel. Nothing is lost. The alcohol is worth 60 cents a gallon. The acetate of lime is worth two cents a pound, and the charcoal is worth ten cents a bushel. The value of the lime used is worth not over one-fourth of the value of the acetate. The value of the final product of the cord of refuse wood is, therefore, not far from \$14. The process is not expensive. The plant, running at full capacity, will turn out a product daily worth \$1,260 from material that has but little commercial value in its crude form.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

stops the cough and heals the lung.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Fred B. Merrill of Bethel has made application to the State Board of Bar Examiners for examination for admission to the Bar at the next session of the Board to be held at Bangor on the first Tuesday of February, 1906.

JOHN B. MADIGAN,
Secretary of the Board.

"Heart Burn"

An Early Form of Dyspepsia
But It Is a Warning That Should
Be Heeded

January 6, 1904.
Dear Sirs:—
My husband was troubled with heart
burn and could find no relief until a
friend advised him to take your "L.
F." Atwood's Bitters.
Since taking it he is entirely cured.
Gratefully yours,
MRS. MELISSA MERCHANT,
Hall Quarry, Mt. Desert, Me.
Don't neglect your digestion until it
is too late.
You can depend upon "L. F." At-
wood's Bitters. An old established
family remedy of merit.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bethel, Me.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence }
opposite Odeon Hall } BETHEL.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at }
Wormell Stand, } BETHEL,
MAINE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Time Table in Effect Oct. 15, 1905.

TRAINS GOING EAST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, leave.	1.45	6.30	1.11
Gorham,	4.00	8.20	3.10
Gilead,	4.25	8.40	3.30
West Bethel,	4.38	8.50	3.42
BETHEL, arrive.	4.46	9.00	3.49
Locke Mills,	9.10	3.57	
Bryant Pond,	5.05	9.18	4.05
South Paris,	5.30	9.50	4.35
Lewiston,	6.40	10.45	5.35
Portland, arrive.	7.50	11.30	6.30

TRAINS GOING WEST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave.	8.00	1.30	7.00
Lewiston,	8.50	2.25	7.50
South Paris,	9.50	3.26	8.47
Bryant Pond,	10.18	4.05	9.18
Locke Mills,	10.25	4.15	9.26
BETHEL, arrive.	10.35	4.25	9.37
West Bethel,	10.43	4.35	9.46
Gilead,	10.55	4.51	9.59
Gorham,	11.22	5.40	10.25
Island Pond,	1.30	7.50	1.00
Montreal,	6.50		7.00

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

Pine State Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$3.50. Best
shoe made in Maine. Also Pills-
bury-Howe shoe for children. I
also have a good stock of Rubbers,
Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

Repairing Done well and Promptly.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

I DO NOT KEEP THE ONLY GROCERY IN BETHEL.

But I have a complete stock of
Groceries, Confectionery,
FRUIT, NUTS, TOBACCO
AND CIGARS.

If you don't see what
you want, ask for it.
R. E. L. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates

LADIES

—Dr. LaFranco's—

Compound Ointment

Safe, Quick, Reliable, Regulator

Superior to other remedies, sold at high prices.

Cure guaranteed. Sufferers used by over

300,000 Women. Price 25 Cents, drug

store or by mail. Testimonials and booklet free.

Dr. LaFranco, Philadelphia, Pa.

Talked Too Much.

"You used to tell me I was bird-like,"

complained the fond wife.

The husband continued to bury his

nose in the paper.

"You used to tell me I was bird-like,"

repeated the fond wife; "but now you

never act as if you thought so."

"You're still bird-like," growled the

husband.

"One wouldn't think you thought so,

to judge by—"

"Isn't a parrot a bird?"—Tit-Bits.

STATE NEWS.

Miss Cassie Carter, aged twenty-
eight, reputed to be the heaviest
woman in Maine, died at her home
at South Bluehill, the 8th. She
weighed 435 pounds and was five
feet four inches in height. The
cause of death was fatty degeneration.
Miss Carter has exhibited
herself at small fairs in eastern
Maine, but declined many offers
from show men to appear in various
parts of the country.

The Rockland law firm of Little-
field & Littlefield, of which Con-
gressman Littlefield was a member,
has dissolved partnership, according
to the announcement of some weeks
ago. Congressman Littlefield re-
tains the office which has been oc-
cupied by the firm, and his nephew,
City Solicitor James Rhodes 2d, will
be associated with him.

The first report submitted by the
liquor enforcement commissioners of
Maine shows the total expenses for
the first year to be \$10,924. The
amount received in fines and fees of
officers was \$1,938, making the
cost to the State for the nine months
the commission has been in existence
\$8,986. The appropriation was
\$7,500 per annum. The salary of
each of the three commissioners was
\$1,070.

David R. Porter, a Bangor boy,
now a second year Rhodes student
at Oxford university, England, has
been accorded a marked honor by
the American club by being elected
its president. The American club
is an organization of the American
Rhodes students at Oxford; now
numbering about one hundred, every
state, territory and Canadian province
being represented. Mr. Porter was
treasurer of the club last year. He
is spending the long holiday vaca-
tion in Bonn, Germany.

The question of establishing a
Grange paper, as an organ for that
body is being eagerly discussed all
over Maine, both by Grangers and
those outside of the order. Many
incline to the opinion that the regular
newspapers serve every purpose.

There are now at Good Will con-
tinuously, about 160 boys and girls.
To give these 160 children the privi-
lege of this home and school costs
in round numbers \$25,000 per year,
an average of \$150 per capita.

A. V. Gould of Caribou narrowly
escaped a severe accident on Mon-
day evening of last week. Mr.
Gould was removing his furniture
from the burning dwelling of Ernest
Washburn, when he in company
with one other became fastened in
one of the rooms. They finally
forced the door open, but Mr. Gould
was nearly suffocated with smoke
and his hair and eyebrows were bad-
ly scorched.

Mrs. David Adams of Litchfield
is rejoicing over the receipt of a let-
ter from a son whom she had mourn-
ed as dead. She had not heard from
him for fourteen years, and it had
been reported that he perished in a
railroad accident. He is now located
in Georgia after living in every
State in the Union.

ABOUT THE COUNTY.

Florétt Giroux, the eighteen
months old child of Edward Giroux
of Rumford died from an unusual
cause, death being due to poison
from colored chalk. It is a peculiar-
ly sad case, as the babe was at the
time of the poisoning at the home of
an uncle, Joseph Bovine. About
four o'clock Thursday afternoon the
baby got possession of the chalk
while playing on the floor, and child-
like began eating it, a large lot hav-
ing been consumed before the dis-
covery was made.

A South Paris lawyer who has
been looking up the titles to certain
real estate in Greenwood, has run
across a very entertaining descrip-
tion, the last clause of which is
"Thence as crooked as you can go to

the north line of Phillips Academy
Grant."

Last Sunday night at eleven
o'clock, George Cole's buildings lo-
cated in Greenwood, and consisting
of a house and two barns, were
destroyed by fire, also two yearlings,
one hog, hens, farming tools, a good
share of the furniture and clothing,
also thirty tons of hay. The cause
of fire is unknown.

West Paris came near losing its
Grand Trunk station last Friday
night. The lamp in the ladies'
waiting room exploded about half
past eleven and the whole building
would have gone if the assistant en-
gine had not been run down in front
and the hose put on. As it was the
whole inside of the room was black-
ened and charred and quite unfit for
use.

How to Avoid Pneumonia.

We have never heard of a single in-
stance of a cold resulting in Pneu-
monia or other lung trouble when
Foley's Honey and Tar has been
taken. It not only stops the cough,
but heals and strengthens the lungs.
Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and
refuse any substitute offered. Dr. C.
J. Bishop of Agnew, Mich., writes:
"I have used Foley's Honey and Tar
in three very severe cases of pneu-
monia with good results in every case."
Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy.

PRICE CUT IN HALF**REVIEW OF REVIEWS****COSMOPOLITAN****WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION****BETHEL NEWS**

Regular Price, \$6.50

Sensational Price for a Limited Time, \$3.25

FOR ALL TO ONE ADDRESS.

We are very fortunate in being able to arrange with the publish-
ers of these three well-known magazines to offer a subscription for
the coming year at this sensational price. We have decided to let
our readers have the full advantage of the reduction and to cut the
price of the NEWS as well, in order to get quickly a large body of
paid-in-advance subscribers. Subscriptions to the NEWS will date
from January 1, 1906; so all who subscribe now will get the NEWS
FREE up to that date.

BUSINESS PROPOSITION

Scores of our readers are constant readers of the *Review of Reviews*, and know that it stands without a peer in its class; as many more have already become wedded to the *Cosmopolitan* and still as many more would be lost in their own homes without the *Woman's Home Companion*. You are to buy one or more of these valuable magazines anyway; why not have them all and the BETHEL NEWS thrown in for just a bit more than you would pay for any one of them alone?

The Review of Reviews.

Many other publications are de-
sirable, and you may prefer this or
prefer that fiction and art publica-
tion, but the *Review of Reviews*
is necessary. Substantial American
men and women are going to keep
up with the times and they are
going to take the shortest cut—
which is the *Review of Reviews*.
Twelve hundred pictures a year;
departments giving the best there
is in all the other important maga-
zines all over the world; timely and
informing articles, almost as fresh
and full of news interest as a daily
paper; and Dr. Albert Shaw's inter-
pretation of the public men, events
and issues of the month, in "The
Progress of the World."

The Cosmopolitan.

A leading magazine for eighteen
years. With the recent change of
ownership it has been improved. It
is far better in every respect, and
aims to be the best in its field. Every
year or so there's one notable ad-
vance in the forward movement
among the many magazines. This
year it is the *Cosmopolitan*. And
this shall be a splendid permanent
success. Its gains in news-stand
sales and in subscriptions have been
remarkable. And these are due
only to the new life and real merit.
The *Cosmopolitan* is printing
WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.
It contains regularly the best fiction,
best special articles on timely topics
and best illustrations that money
can buy.

Woman's Home Companion.

The *Woman's Home Companion*
is for every member of the family.
For our bright, earnest, cultured,
home-loving American women it is
an ideal entertainer and helper in a
thousand congenial ways; but the
fathers and brothers and sons join
in its perusal by the fireside, and
the children eagerly turn to the
pages that are written for them.
The issues for the forth-coming
year will be unique in conception,
and execution, rich and varied in
contents, and brilliant with the
finest, most elaborate and artistic
illustrations obtainable.

Enough said, You need no further introduction to these magazines. They are old
friends with whom you are well acquainted.

Business propositions appeal to business people. This is a business proposition, and if
those who read are business people, we shall expect to hear from them forthwith.

Don't wait. Remember this offer applies to renewals as well as new subscribers, and
that the publishers of the magazines will not allow us to extend this offer but a few weeks.

Your name and address on the accompanying coupon, together with \$3.25, entitles you
to this offer if sent to the BETHEL NEWS before December 31.

**MAGAZINE COUPON.**

Enclosed please find \$3.25 in acceptance of your Magazine offer.

Name, _____

Address, _____

Do Not Sup

When you have
to suppress it, only
The cough is but
disease, and the
should cure, then
of itself. The m-
coughing is a c-
promptly suppre-
preparations con-
opium, etc., are u-
but they do n-
Chamberlain's Co-
other hand does
cough, but relie-
from the throat a-
which obstructed
allaying the irrita-
the throat. It al-
tions and effectua-
cures the cold as-
For sale by Th-
Bethel; H. W. De-
E. L. Tebbets,
Bennett, Gilead.

Just
The summer has
Most all her
To him who w-
About a thou-
—Louisville Co-

What D-
"What makes y-
I can never g-
me."

"Perhaps you
enough."—Clevela-

An I-
"My wife has
which she sent-
"Do you know
would be given
Leader.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

J. C. Watson

HALF

NS HOME PANION



one or more of these pa-
s and save you some money.

ell supplied with reading
the approaching winter.
election? Could you have

Enclosed please find \$3.25 in acceptance of your Magazine offer.

Address,

Name,

His Part.
ye-ess" remarked Ketchley, in a
tified way, "Lulu and I will
out in married life under very fa-
e circumstances. Her mother
is a neat little home, her father
es in, and her Uncle de Long
ven a carriage and pair. Besides,
as a shug income in her own

at part do you furnish?"
I—principally the name—prin-
the name."—Tit-Bits.

Relieving Her of Blame.
said the housekeeper, "I have
for you. I have made a vow
to give anything to tramps."
I wouldn't for the world have
eat your vow," replied Harvard.
"My request was a mere mat-
er. As I intend to help my-
oppose you turn your back while
thus engaged."—Philadelphia

The Whole Trouble.
don't seem to like Miss Gabbie,
elapron," remarked Mrs. As-
Why is it?"
est hat," replied Mrs. Mala-
because she's nothin' but a scan-
rel and everybody that knows
collaborate that statement."—
phia Press.

A Yellow Sensation.
tation—Hello! What's this?
tation (disgracedly)—Oh, that is
the headlines under which this
nal paper reports the death of
Town Topics.

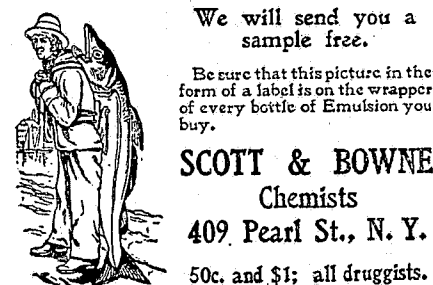
ASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Chas. H. Fletcher

"SAVED MY LIFE"

—That's what a prominent druggist said of Scott's Emulsion a short time ago. As a rule we don't use or refer to testimonials in addressing the public, but the above remark and similar expressions are made so often in connection with Scott's Emulsion that they are worthy of occasional note. From infancy to old age Scott's Emulsion offers a reliable means of remedying improper and weak development, restoring lost flesh and vitality, and repairing waste. The action of Scott's Emulsion is no more of a secret than the composition of the Emulsion itself. What it does it does through nourishment—the kind of nourishment that cannot be obtained in ordinary food. No system is too weak or delicate to retain Scott's Emulsion and gather good from it.



We will send you a sample free.
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and \$1; all druggists.

No Cause for Alarm.
"I see there are a couple of oil magnates in the audience," said the minister to the door-keeper at the lecture; "give them back their money. I won't have any tainted money!"
"You needn't worry," replied the door-keeper; "they both came in on free passes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Whole Trouble.
Towne—I'll be careful never to get into an argument with him again. He's entirely too bitter.
Brown—You don't say?
Towne—Oh, he's a regular wasp.
Brown—I see. He always carries his point.—Philadelphia Press.

His Discreet Preference.
"Why don't you run for congress yourself?"
"Because," answered Farmer Corn-tassel, "I'd rather be one of the fellows that do the fault-finding than be the fellow that's found fault with."—Washington Star.

Merely the Suggestion.
His Wife—Oh, Charles, what has happened, what is it?
Young Lawyer—Disgraced, Emily, disgraced! My reputation's ruined! Some one has suggested my name for director of a life insurance company!—Puck.

Do Not Suppress a Cough.
When you have a cough do not try to suppress it, but remove the cause. The cough is only a symptom of some disease, and the disease is what you should cure, then the cough will stop of itself. The most common cause of coughing is a cold. Anodynes will promptly suppress the cough, and preparations containing chloroform, opium, etc., are used for that purpose, but they do not cure the cold. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy on the other hand does not suppress the cough, but relieves it by removing from the throat and lungs the mucus which obstructed the breathing, and allaying the irritation and tickling in the throat. It also opens the secretions and effectually and permanently cures the cold as well as the cough. For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Just Now.
The summer girl would gladly give "Most all her hoarded shakles" To him who would relieve her of "About a thousand freckles."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

What Did He Mean?
"What makes you look so worried?"
"I can never get a dress suit to fit me."
"Perhaps you don't get there early enough."—Cleveland Leader.

An Imitation.
My wife has a diamond ring, with which she sends all her letters."
"Do you know I should think paste would be even better?"—Cleveland Leader.

SUBWAY SIGN LANGUAGE.

Somewhat Similar to That Employed by Deaf and Dumb People.

When the subway express train started from Brooklyn bridge, two messenger boys who were sitting together began suddenly to make signs, relates the New York Press. At first those who looked on thought that possibly these signs might be only the wiping off of chins after consuming slices of pie before starting on the journey, but it was not many minutes before they began to think otherwise. The train had hardly slowed up going around the Worth street curve before the language had definitely resolved itself into that of the deaf mute.

There was some inward speculation as to how deaf mutes could possibly retain positions which are supposed to entail considerable glibness of tongue, together with a broad and smiling approval of the nimbleness with which the language was carried on between the two youngsters. A woman who was more deeply interested than the rest alighted at the Fourteenth street station when the boys did. She followed them up the steps and found to her amazement that the moment they emerged into the open atmosphere of the street, they burst into verbal talk.

A stranger who walked by her side, noticing her look of astonishment, slowed up and said to her:
"It is getting to be a common thing now for messenger boys and those who are obliged to employ the subway as a means of locomotion, to study the sign language and use it. As a matter of fact it is the only language that can be 'heard' to any extent on the subway express."

AN APPEAL TO CAMPERS.

Patriot of the Hoe Admonishes Them to Aid in Forest Preservation.

I want again to raise my voice in an appeal for care of the forest, says Casper Whitney, in Outing Magazine. Help the president and the forest service in their magnificent efforts to preserve our woods. Be sure before you leave your camp that every last bit of your cooking fire has been extinguished, and then scrape dirt over the ashes, so the wind may not stir into destructive life the supposedly dead embers you have left. No single inimical element is more of a menace to forest conservation than the devastating fires which every autumn sweep across great tracts because of careless campers who "thought" they put out their camp fire.

And if you thus aid the president and the forest service you serve your country and your own interest—because the preservation of our forest lands concerns every citizen in America, and intimately concerns our agricultural interests. Every intelligent reader knows that the agricultural interests come very near to being the commercial bulwark of America; "poor crops, tight money," is a saying which ought to be familiar with newspaper readers.

BASE OF THIRD CENTURY.

Relic of Early Italian Art That Is Valued at a Very High Figure.

Another family treasure of great value which has since passed into the keeping of the nation is the Portland vase, now exhibited in the British museum. This vase came from Italy, and what its age is no man knows, though it has been proved that in A. D. 235, it was deposited in a sepulcher under the Monte del Grano, three miles from Rome, and it is believed to have contained the ashes of the Emperor Severus. But, whether or no, Pope Urban VIII. had it dug up; and for more than two centuries it reposed in the Barberini palace at Rome. In 1786 the duke of Portland purchased it from Sir William Hamilton for 1,029 guineas, and deposited it in the British museum 15 years later. The vase is only ten inches high. In 1845 a man named Lloyd, employed at the museum, picked up a stone and hurled it in a fit of frenzy at the case which contained the precious relic. The vase was smashed into hundreds of pieces, but with great ingenuity they were all put together again, and as it now stands is said to be worth at the very least, \$75,000.

INDIANS' THANKSGIVING.

Red Men of Reservations Take Great Interest in White Man's Feast Day.

Even our reservation Indians take a great interest in Thanksgiving day. Of course they show their Indian nature in their gaming and feasting, but at their corn dance with which the day's celebration closes, they offer thanks to the Great Spirit for the harvest, and the resident priest is invited to bless the food provided for the feast.

The Cheyennes and Apaches sometimes give a pony smoke, other tribes are invited to a feast of their best game and vegetables, and on their departure for home, the head of each family is presented with a good pony. As there are sometimes several hundred families as guests, you can understand that only wealthy tribes can afford to give a pony smoke, but each tribe in their own way show that the spirit of thankfulness is not a stranger to them.

Hard to Quench.

Cholly—Do you think this champagne is very dry.
Jimsy—It must be. It makes me fearfully thirsty.—Detroit Free Press

ANIMALS IN THE DESERT.

Number of Them Outside the Camel in Respect of Going Without Drink.

Other creatures than the camel are able to get along for extended periods without drinking. Sheep in the southwestern deserts go for 40 to 60 days in winter without drink, grazing on the green, succulent vegetation of that season. Peccaries in the desert of Sonora live in "little dry hills where there is no natural water for long periods. They cannot possibly find water, in fact, for months at a time. The only moisture they can obtain comes from roots and the fruits of cacti. But the most extraordinary case is that of the pocket mouse, one of the common rodents of the desert. This little creature, by the way, has a genuine fur-lined "pocket" on the outside of its cheek. When it is hungry it takes food from this pocket with its paw, just as a man would pull a ham sandwich from his pocket. One of these mice has been kept for three years with no other food than the mixed bird seed of commerce. During this period it had not a taste of either water or green food. Other experimenters have found, in fact, that these mice in captivity refuse such treats, not seeming to know that water is good to drink. The bird seed put before this mouse contained not more than ten per cent. of moisture, which is less than is necessary for digestion. Stuff so dry at this cannot even be swallowed until it is moistened by saliva. Yet this remarkable mouse gave nothing but his time to the interests of science. He suffered nothing in health or spirits during his captivity.

NONOGENARIAN NEWSMAN.

Aged Illinoisan a Familiar Figure About Railroad Depots at Joliet.

The oldest newsboy in the world is to be found at Joliet, and he is a very familiar figure to passengers at the railroad depots, says the Chicago Chronicle. He is Orasmus Page and he was born in 1809. Although approaching his ninety-seventh year, he is never missing from his post and is always ready to supply the public with his stock of newspapers. He maintains his vigor to a remarkable extent, as he rises at four o'clock every morning in order to meet the early trains. He is also engaged until late in the evening. He has been handicapped by the loss of a leg, losing the member at the knee in a mine accident at Braidwood 23 years ago.

His father was noted for longevity, his father dying at 89, his mother at 93, while his grandfather lived to be 102 and his grandmother 105. Orasmus commenced life as a farmer in Iowa, moving there with his parents from New York state. He then engaged in railroad contracting and had charge of some of the grading for the Chicago & Alton, near Bloomington, in 1857. Mr. Page has a wife, who is 86 years of age. His papers are the sole support of the couple, but owing to his age and crippled condition he is given the preference among the newsboys that besedge the trains and he manages to earn several dollars a day. The old man expects to continue at the business as long as his strength holds out. He is anxious to round out the century and will likely do so.

FEEDING YOUNG PELICANS.

Produces Physical Shock Which Has Strange Effect on the Birds.

As the young increase in size, feeding becomes a more serious proceeding for all concerned, writes Frank M. Chapman, in Century. At the age of eight, the young birds average slightly larger and heavier than old ones, and the physical shock of feeding is so great that the parents supply only one bird at a time, and that at long intervals; while the young seem so overcome by the prolonged stay in the parental pouch, as well, doubtless, as by the size of the meal they have secured there, that on emerging they are in a dazed and helpless condition. Laying the head on the ground with wings relaxed, they act as though they had received a violent blow at the base of the brain. This apparent semi-consciousness is followed by the most violent reaction, as the reviving bird suddenly grasps itself by the wing and whirls about like a demented creature, pausing only long enough to bite at the other wing before turning in the opposite direction. If this surprising exercise be intended as an aid to digestion, it is evidently effective, since, at its conclusion, the bird settles down to sleep.

The Stronger Eye.

"Left-eyed people simply own the town these days," said a Broadway oculist. "If the prominence and importance of that optic continue to increase we shall one day be a left-eyed race. In more than half the patients I treat the left eye is already considerably larger than the right. It is brighter and lasts longer. If you want to find out which eye is stronger try to read first with one then with the other unassisted by its mate. Nine times out of ten that test shows how much more useful the left eye is than the right."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Better Suited to Him.

Little Tiddle (nervously, to livery stable keeper)—Have you a very quiet horse? It must be like a lamb, neither kick nor shy, and not go too fast.
Livery Stable Keeper (eyeling him contemptuously)—Certainly, guv'nor, which 'n you have a clothes-horse or a rockin'-horse?—Stray Stories.

WIT AND WISDOM.

The Minister—And does your papa say grace at the table, too?
The Angel Child—Yes, sir, but he doesn't say it like you do.

The Minister—What does he say?
The Angel Child—He sits down an' looks around an' says, "Good Lord, what a dinner!"

It invigorates, strengthens and builds up. It keeps you in condition physically, mentally and morally. That's what Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will do. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets. The Wiley Pharmacy.

Wigg—Say, what does a marriage license cost?
Wagg—It can't be figured till you're dead.

Never can tell when you'll mash a finger or suffer a cut, bruise, burn or scald. Be prepared. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil instantly relieves the pain—quickly cures the wound.

Woman gives and forgives—man gets and forgets.

You will not find 'beauty in rouge pot or complexion whitewash. True beauty comes to them only that take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. It is a wonderful tonic and beautifier. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets The Wiley Pharmacy.

Here is a good old-fashioned saying to repeat to the man who worries; Never take more on your heart than you can kick off at your heels.

Constipation causes headache, nausea, dizziness, languor, heart palpitation. Drastic physics gripe, sicken, weaken the bowels and don't cure. Doan's Regulets act gently and cure constipation. 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

It will be noticed in every home in which there is a Cosy Corner that the dog, in seeking comfortable places to sleep, never enters one of them.

Perfection can only be attained in the physical by allowing Nature to appropriate and not dissipate her own resources. Cathartics gripe, weaken—dissipate, while DeWitt's Little Early Risers simply ease all putrid matter and bile, thus allowing the liver to assume normal activity. Good for the complexion. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. DIV

Mistress—Didn't the ladies who called leave cards?
Bridget—They wanted to, ma'am, but I towled them ye had plenty av yer own, and better ones, too.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggists sell it.

Most people have rigid rules for the guidance of others, while they are perfectly content to follow a set of lax amendments.

"Had dyspepsia or indigestion for years. No appetite, and what I did eat distressed me terribly. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me."—J. H. Walker, Sunbury, Ohio.

Time flies so rapidly that it seems only a few months from the time a boy is crying for a jumping-jack until he is paying for it.

One Minute Cough Cure contains not an atom of any harmful drug, and it has been curing Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough so long that it has proven itself to be a tried and true friend to the many who use it. Sold by The Wiley Pharmacy. DW

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature *Chas. H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE
LACQUERET
HOUSEHOLD LACQUER
FOR restoring original lustre and tone to old worn, scratched and faded furniture, woodwork and floors. LACQUERET dries over night and wears like rawhide. It will not fade, turn white or crack. LACQUERET is all right in everyway for everything. A child can apply it. LACQUERET is sold in convenient packages ready for use in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Cherry, Walnut, Rosewood, Rich Red, Moss Green, and "Clear". It is TRANSLUCENT, non-fading, brilliant and durable. Superior in points of merit to anything on the market. Ask for Color Card and instructive booklet "THE DAINTY DECORATOR." FOR SALE BY

EVERY DAY SALE.

I will sell at Private Sale at my store on Main St., on
Six Days and Three Nights
in Every Week

everything in a Grocer's outfit including
A choice line of
Frankforts, Bologna Sausage,
Penley's Blue Tagged Smoked Ham,
Pressed Cooked Ham, Salt Pork,
Pickled Tripe, Salt Mackerel,
Luncheon Halibut, Boneless Salt Fish,
Oysters, Clams, and a thousand and
one things too numerous to mention.

Goods delivered at time of sale.

C. A. LUCAS, BETHEL, ME.

CANT DOG STOCKS

AND PICK POLES.

Manufactured and constantly on sale

Address,

H. F. THURSTON,

Newry, Maine.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

Prospect Hotel.

FRANK R. GREEN CO., PROPRIETORS.

BETHEL, MAINE.

Excellent Cuisine,
Steam Heated,
Sanitary Plumbing,
Porcelain Baths.

RATES:
\$2.00 Daily and Upwards.

Special Rates for sojourn of Two Weeks or more.

NEW LIVERY IN CONNECTION

Always Remember the Full Name
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in Two.
Chas. H. Fletcher on Box. 25c.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17 1906.

Mr. E. H. Strobel Honored.

The following taken from the Siam
Weekly Mail will be of interest to
Bethel friends of Mr. Strobel; Mr.
Strobel has spent some months at
the home of Dr. Gehring and made
many friends who will be pleased to
welcome him upon his return in the
early spring months.

Mr. Strobel is to be greatly con-
gratulated on the distinguished hon-
our which His Majesty has conferred
upon him; and Americans are en-
titled to feel some special pride in the
occasion. It is the highest honour
which His Majesty could bestow—
that of the Grand Cross of the Order
of the White Elephant—and it is
memorable as a mark of Royal ap-
preciation of signal services rendered
by the General Adviser since his ap-
pointment. The first of these ser-
vices was that of assisting in the
final adjustment and conclusion of the
Franco Siam Convention which
has amongst other effects secured to
Siam a welcome period of freedom
from international worries—a period
turned to good account in works of
domestic legislation. We need only
briefly recall such recent measures as
those for the abolition of licensed
gambling, the Law on Navigation
in the Siamese Waters, the Hackney
Carriage Act, and other more or less
important reforms, and the minor
treaties dealing with matters of juris-
diction concluded with Denmark and
Italy. In many directions Mr.
Strobel has unquestionably worked
hard and to good purpose, and has
rendered to His Majesty's Govern-
ment an amount of assistance of
which His Majesty has now given
the highest possible token of appre-
ciation. It will be a matter of legiti-
mate pride to Americans that their
country has furnished to Siam a
diplomatist and statesman whose
ripe experience has been of such
great service to this State.

Shoe Strike Settled.

The strike in National No. 2 shoe
factory in Auburn and National No.
1 factory in Lewiston was declared
off Saturday afternoon and the men
resumed work. Monday neither
side would make public the basis of
settlement, merely saying that the
result was satisfactory. The strike
was inaugurated Dec. 26 by 34
cutters in No. 2 mill because the
management refused to grant a price
list presented by the Cutters' union
and to recognize the union. They
were joined at different times by 41
men in other departments who struck
in sympathy. The company refused
to treat with the men through the
union. It is understood the wages
were increased.

The Original.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated
Honey and Tar as a throat and lung
remedy, and on account of the great
merit and popularity of Foley's Honey
and Tar many imitations are offered
for the genuine. Ask for FOLEY'S
Honey and Tar and refuse any substi-
tute offered as no other preparation
will give the same satisfaction. It is
mildly laxative. It contains no opi-
ates and is safest for children and
delicate persons. Sold by The Wiley
Pharmacy.

A Difficult Problem.

Proprietor—Well, what's the matter
now?
New Clerk—I am puzzled about some
goods I find in my department.
"Well?"
"I wish to know whether the mate-
rial is intended for mosquito netting,
bridal veils or boarding house blan-
kets."—N. Y. Weekly.

Nerve Strain.

Mr. Quiktaint (trustee of Cold-
cash university)—I wish our profes-
sors would stop making speeches.
Fellow Magistrate—Why, they haven't
said anything objectionable, have
they?
Mr. Quiktaint—No; but I have to
keep reading their speeches to see if
they do or not.—Puck.

"The Moffatt Road."

Up the mountain side with majestic
motion,
The Moffatt train glides like a ship on
the ocean,
Its path is like the lion's when seeking
his lair,
Or way of the eagle as he swings through
the air.

Encircling the hillside for miles upon
miles,
Through tunnels and canons skirting
dark, deep defiles.
Following the pathway of clear, crystal
streams

Which sparkle and murmur like a
child's Christmas dream.
Sweeping swiftly along beside shady
nooks,
Where the ripple and laughter and
babble of brooks,
Mingling with the song of the wild,
mountain bird,
Make melodies the sweetest that man
ever heard.

The pen has no power to paint or express
A title of the beauties which the land-
scapes possess;
With little pools lying peacefully at
rest
Like a new born babe on its mother's
soft breast.
And green, grassy valleys where sun-
shine lies spread
Like our mother's golden butter on
home-made bread,
With crannies and grottoes in intricate
maze,
Like haunts of the fairies of our lullaby
days.

Mounting up through the clouds to the
great divide,
Where the rainbows of promise kiss the
mountain side,
There the Moffatt train rests. With
awe we behold
Vast mountain tops glistening with
amber and gold.

From among crags and peaks which
tower and shine,
Enrobed in an impress Godlike and
divine,
The bold eagle soars in majesty supernal
Away towards the throne of the Great
Eternal.

While the train glides away like a ship
of State,
Through the "City of Zion" to the
"Golden Gate,"
Girding the continent with a Gordian
chain,
Locking the Sierras to the mountains
of Maine.

R. G. WILEY FOSTER,
Toledo, Ohio.

Denver Col., Sept 5.—Oct. 5, 1905.
Robert G. Wiley Foster is the son
of Uriah and Lydia Foster of Al-
bany, Maine, and is a name sake of
the late Dr. R. G. Wiley of Bethel.
He was a soldier of the Rebellion and
since that time has carried a wound
that has been a constant reminder
of his army days. He has lived and
been in business in Toledo, Ohio,
many years. His wife died some
months ago. As a member of the
G. A. R. he visited Denver last year
and spent a month with his brother,
H. Rensselaer Foster in Denver, and
"was delighted with Colorado scenery
and sunshine," and wrote the lines,
"The Moffatt Road."

From among crags and peaks which
tower and shine,
Enrobed in an impress Godlike and
divine,

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HERE AND THERE.

Dr. A. L. Hersey of Oxford, one
of the best known of the older phy-
sicians of Oxford County, and one of
the most respected citizens of his
town, died on Friday, Jan. 12, at the
home of his daughter, Miss Heloise
E. Hersey, in Boston. Death was
due to cerebral hemorrhage, and his
illness was only two days in duration.
Funeral was from his home in Oxford
Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Betsey P. Monk of Buckfield,
aged 77 years, was found dead in
her bed last Saturday morning. It
is supposed she had a shock as she
had had two before.

Mrs. Laforest White of Dexter,
was committed to the Maine Insane
hospital at Augusta, Saturday, hav-
ing been adjudged insane by a phy-
sician and by the town authorities.
Mrs. White is suffering from tempo-
rary insanity and had it not been
for prompt interference one or both
of her small children might have
been seriously injured or killed.
One of the little tots was discovered
in a snow bank where its mother
had placed it and it was by a lucky
chance that she was discovered when
about to place another of the little
ones in the stove at her home. It is
thought that Mrs. White will recover
in a short time.

Dr. A. W. Harris, formerly presi-
dent of the University of Maine, has
been tendered the presidency of the
Northwestern University at Evans-
ton, Ill., which position, without
doubt, he will accept.

Thornton Bodge, a rural mail car-
rier aged about 30 and married a
year ago, was killed Wednesday by a
train on the Western Division of the
Boston and Maine at Wells. Bodge
was driving over a private way ac-
ross the track. The horse was not
injured. No blame is attached to
the engineer.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take LAXATIVE BROMO
Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund
money if it fails to cure. E. W.
GROVE'S signature is on each box.

Dangerous Knowledge.

"I suppose you think your husband
knows more than any other man
alive," said the woman who sneers.
"Yes," answered young Mrs. Tork-
ins; "he does. But I do wish it wasn't
about race horses."—Washington Star.

Caught the Idea.

Prima Donna—The Morning Dash
says my acting is suggestive of the
timber of my voice. What does that
mean?
Contralto (viciously)—It means you
are a stick.—N. Y. Weekly.

None to Hurt.

Investigators tell us
"It's the little things that kill.
You'll find no deadly microbes
on a \$100 bill."
—Chicago Tribune.

NOT COMFORTING.

Hunter—Does that dog of yours bite?
Hiram Haddock—D'y reckon he swal-
lows his vittles whole?—Chicago Jour-
nal.

Heartless.

Distressed Mother (traveling with a
crying baby)—Dear me! I don't know
what to do with this child!
Bachelor (in next seat)—Shall I
open the window for you, madam?

No Good.

"Pa said if I'd be good he'd get me
a new football."
"Did you get your football?"
"Nope. They come too high for a
kid like me."—Cleveland Leader.

A Strange Habit.

Mrs. Fastboy—Fancy, dear, the Japs
always take off their shoes before en-
tering the house.
Mr. Fastboy—What, in the daytime?

Explained.

"People are just crazy to meet that
man."
"Who is he?"
"An insanity expert."

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.

Ask today for Allen's Foot-Paste, a powder, it
cures Chapped, Swollen, Sweating, Sore, Aching,
Champ feet. At All Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c.

MADGE AND THE CAMERA

By J. J. BELL
(Author of "Wee MacGregor," etc.)

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

On Madge's last birthday her uncle
presented her with a token of his love
in the shape of a very fine camera, to-
gether with all the appliances and chemi-
cals necessary for successful
amateur photography.

"Isn't it jolly!" cried Madge, coming
out of the house on the third after-
noon, to find me lying on the lawn,
alone and in no very good temper.
"Isn't it jolly!" she repeated, gleeful-
ly; "I've got one right at last!"
"Let's have a look, dear," said I,
endeavoring to be pleasant in spite of
myself.

She handed me the negative, and
seated herself beside me.
"You'll see it if you hold it against
your sleeve," she kindly explained.
"Isn't it splendid?"

I gazed at it for fully a minute, and
could make nothing of it; but I was
not ill-natured enough to say so. I
ran over in my mind the 20 odd photo-
graphs I had seen her take, and then
I plunged.

"Indeed, Madge, this is good! The
steamer comes out so—"

"To begin with, dearest, you're hold-
ing it upside down," she said; "and
besides—"

"So I am. . . . Oh, I see it now!
Why, it's the old churchyard we saw
on Sunday afternoon. It's capital,
Madge!"

When Madge spoke it was a trifle
coldly.

"Excuse me mentioning it, Hugh;
but it is a group of father and mother
and Mr. Samson and yourself."

There was not a great deal for me to
say under the circumstances. I felt
rather foolish, and that did not help
my ruffled temper. Moving the nega-
tive, I saw it in another light.

"Yes; I can distinguish your father
and mother, Madge," I admitted; "but
which is Mr. Samson, and which is my-
self?"

She laid two dainty fingers on two
ugly blurs.

"There you are—both of you."
"But we've no heads," I objected.
"Oh, well, you might know yourself
by the way you wear your watch-
chain."

"It's certainly a unique photograph
—if somewhat vague," I observed after
a moment.

"I think it splendid for a beginner,"
she returned.

"Glad you're pleased, Madge. Person-
ally, I consider you've been wast-
ing your time as well as your plates."

"How disagreeable you are."
"It's all very well," I said, sulkily,
"but this is the last of my three hard-
earned holidays—I do work occasion-
ally, you know—and I've had scarcely
five minutes of your company."

"I'm sorry you don't care for photog-
raphy," she remarked.

"I haven't expressed my objection to
photography. But this—" I held up the
offending piece of glass, language fail-
ing me.

"Well? What have you to say about
it? Mr. Samson says it's quite good—
much better than any first attempt he
ever saw."

"I don't quite see what Mr. Samson
has got to do with it," I said, with ir-
ritation.

"Mr. Samson has been exceedingly
kind in explaining and arranging
things. I asked you to come and see
the dark room he has fitted up for me,
but you only jeered."

"Did you ask him to fit up your
dark room?"

"Certainly not. He offered—which
was more than you did."

"I confess it never occurred to me
to offer," I retorted. "I came here to
see you in daylight." Madge was sil-
ent.

"Couldn't you have kept Samson away
till to-morrow? He'll be here all the
month, and I must leave in the morn-
ing—no, I'd better go to-night."

At that moment, through the open
door, I caught sight of Samson com-
ing downstairs. He must have thought
Madge was alone, for he called out:
"Success! You've come out beauti-
fully."

He was a little taken aback when he
found us together, but quickly recov-
ered and handed Madge a negative.
"This is your own," he said. "I'll
take some prints presently. I'll just
run upstairs again and get one or two
things ready."

When he had gone, I turned to
Madge.

"Hasn't he heard we are engaged?"
I asked her.

"Oh, I suppose so. Everybody has
Bad news—you know."

"I tell you, Madge, I'm not going to
submit to this sort of thing. Samson's
a good enough sort; he's your visitor
and friend of the family and all that—
but he is not to monopolize you on the
mere excuse of some wretched
photographs. If he has forgotten that
we are engaged, I must remind him.
In the meantime I wish you'd come up
the glen with me."

"In the meantime I've got to do
some developing," she replied, without
moving, however.

I temporized.
"Very well, dear. Having waited
upon you for two days and a half, I
dare say I can have patience for an
hour. But what negative was it that
Samson brought you just now?" I in-
quired, trying to interest myself in her
new hobby.

"I didn't take it myself," she said,
retaining her hold on the square of
glass.

"Never mind, dear. Let me see it,"
I returned, genially.

"It's not a good one, I'm sure," she
said, giving it to me, somewhat unwill-
ingly, I thought.

"Why, it's yourself, Madge! Now,
that's nice. You'll print a copy for me
before I go, won't you? This must be
the one of you I tried to take down by
the barn yesterday—during the five
minutes you were good enough to
favor me with." I added, laughingly;
"but I didn't think I should have man-
aged so well."

Madge looked uncomfortable.
"I'm so sorry, Hugh, but I broke the
negative you took yesterday. This is
another one."

"Ah!" said I.
"It fell, you know."

"Indeed!"
"So you see, this is another one,
Hugh."

"So you have told me," I said, brief-
ly. I certainly was not going to help
her.

"It was a pity it fell. I'm sure it
would have been better than this one.
You know, it just slipped from my
fingers and broke."

There was a silence.
Then Madge said:
"Mr. Samson wanted to take me, and
I thought you wouldn't mind."

"Not in the least," I replied, indif-
ferently, and then there was another
silence.

"You don't mind, do you?" she asked
at last.

"Well, I am rather glad you were
photographed with your own camera.
I said, having thought it over."
"What difference did that make?"
she inquired.

"Why, the result is your own. I
should certainly object to any other
man having in his possession a nega-
tive of you," I said, slowly, looking at
her bonny face. She blushed.

"Hugh!"
"Well?"
"I said he could have one."

"I had feared it was coming, but I
was far from feeling resigned."
"He begged for it," she added.

"All the more reason why you should
have refused, Madge."

Madge was ruffled.
"You are much too severe. I can
surely give my photo to whom I like.
I'm not a bit sorry I promised it to
Mr. Samson."

"Madge," said I, seriously, "do you
mean what you say?"

"Why should I not mean what I
say?" she returned, shortly. "And,
anyhow, I can't break my promise."

"You can break the negative," said I.
"How very mean of you."

"I believe you care more for Sam-
son than for me," I blurted out, fool-
ishly.

"That wouldn't be so surprising,
would it?" she retorted, calmly.

"Then let us end the matter!" I
cried.

"As you please."

"She was twisting off her ring when
Samson came out of doors again."

"Would you like to try some snap-
shots up the valley?" he asked her,
ignoring me. "I noted some fine bits
this morning, and the light is now
first-rate."

"Yes; I think it would be rather
nice," she assented, cheerfully.

I knew I was growing pale, and in
desperate disregard of everything, I
whispered:

"Dear, don't go." It was only a
breath—a prayer—and I wondered if
she heard.

"Beg pardon," said Samson, pos-
sibly.

There was an awkward pause. Sam-
son, too, seemed to feel uncomfort-
able, for he stood gazing across the
fields as if in search of a subject for
conversation. Madge was playing with
the negative of herself, and I fancied,
or hoped, I saw a softening about her
lips, while I certainly caught a quick,
half-humorous gleam in her gray eyes.

"Mr. Samson!" she exclaimed very
suddenly, and he started and moved
quickly, but not more quickly than
her hand.

Something cracked sharply under his
left foot.

"Oh, Mr. Samson," cried Madge, re-
proachfully.

He was all apologies and regrets
over the ruined negative, but Madge
was kindness itself.

"You'll let me try again?" he plead-
ed, as some one called him into the
house. She laughed and shook her
head, and he went away disconsolate.

"Madge, I've been a beast," I whis

MAN WITH THE HOE.

Say, how do you hoe your row, old chap?
Say, how do you hoe your row?
Do you hoe it square?
Do you hoe it the best you know?
Do you cut the weeds, as you ought
to do,
And leave what's worth while there?
The harvest you'll garner depends on you;
Are you working it on the square?

Are you killing the noxious weeds, old
chap?
Are you making it straight and clean?
Are you going straight,
At a hustling gait,
Are you scattering all that's mean?
Do you laugh and sing and whistle shrill,
And dance a step or two,
As the row you hoe leads up the hill?
The harvest is up to you.

You can reap the thing that you ought to
reap;
A pitiful, worthless dole
Or a harvest fair,
With a bit to spare.
For another and wayward son;
The Master who's waiting to garner in
Will credit you all you're due;
So hoe your row with a song and grin
The harvest is up to you.
—J. M. Lewis, in Houston Post.

WHICH OF THE THREE

By JANE CARR

"BRAVERY," said the clergyman in his pedantic tones, "is a full realization of danger, and yet a willingness to face the difficulty or the death that providence has seen fit to place in the road."

The soldier laughed out of his cynicism, and, turning to the third traveling companion, he asked pointedly: "Is that your definition of heroism?"

The man who had not spoken or taken any part in the conversation looked up with a quick, sidelong glance that had something of the hunted expression that one sees in the creature wounded to the death, in the eyes of the criminal before the trap is sprung or the enemy at bay.

"No," he said, slowly; "bravery is doing something for somebody else without thinking of yourself. Providence, to my way of thinking, doesn't take a hand in the game. Now, suppose"—he shifted in his seat and his regard was speculative and keen—"what would you do if Jim Ruggles were to come right into this car and hold the gun to your head—would you?"—he turned to the man of cloth with a contemptuous scrutiny—"would you preach a little sermon, parson, or dig up your loose coin?"

The exponent of holy writ flushed an indignant scarlet, and, ignoring the questioner, addressed the soldier of the jovial, bland countenance.

"Have you ever experienced fear—been conscious of the terror of unseen things, by the laity called unexplained phenomena, by the children of faith the manifestation of spiritual power?"

The scar on the old soldier's cheek gathered up into the wrinkles of his smile, and with a wink out of the corner of his fearless eye, he replied soberly:

"Well, to shame his majesty the devil by a truthful statement, I must confess that I have. I'm an old fighting man; I've seen the blood and battle of the civil war and the sham blood-letting of modern conquests, and no matter where I've been, whether in the thick of the real thing or when playing at arms down with the Cuban nigger, there it has always been—the sickness at the pit of the stomach, the grip of the heart and the rise of goose-flesh all over the body. If that's being a coward—then I'm one."

"And you experienced that at the approach of mere physical danger?"

There was a covert sneer in the unctuous inquiry, and the divine turned his glance upon the veteran full of a lofty pity for such human frailty.

"But you never balked or turned heel, did you?"

The soldier smiled into the grinning face opposite. "No," he answered, "I always went right on into the very thickest of it."

"That's what I call bravery. The meanly beggar without imagination never realizes what's coming and sticks by the post, and if he gets killed every one calls him a hero. Now the man who can keep from running when he has the feeling of the ball stinging in his breast, when all of the brute in him wants to save his own life, when he realizes the giving up in the wink of an eye, and when his healthy blood pounds all through his strong body, when he can face the music of famine or fire or sword, then don't tell me that that man isn't a hero when he gives up the game for the sake of some weaker devil whose life isn't worth the blowing out."

"That's my idea," said the soldier, beaming his satisfaction at such plain speaking, "it's the brave man who has suffered agonized fear and conquered."

"Don't you think," said the clergyman, stiffly, "that we might close the window. The sparks from the burning snowsheds are rather disagreeable."

The three strangers sat for awhile in silence, and the coach, empty but for the casual acquaintance, moved by the hot rails, and the night grew fitfully bright with ominous fireflies that flew out from the consumed sheds along the way. The heat became intense.

The clergyman and the soldier sat in unspoken discomfort, but the third traveler moved restlessly. At length he rose and threw up the window. There was a scorch of burning breeze laden with particles of charred wood.

Far out into the night he thrust his body, steadying himself by the window frame as the onrushing train leaped headlong for the bridge. There was the sound of hurrying waters and the swirl

call of a whistle. There was a sudden bump and wrench, and the three men came to their feet simultaneously.

"Good God!" breathed the clergyman, and the soldier blanched under the ugly red of his scar. The third man rushed to the platform, followed closely by the other two. There they were met by a sheet of flame spreading upward, and the raucous scream of a departing engine.

"The baggage cars have caught fire and they have uncoupled us," cried the stranger as he caught at the molten brakes; then in a stifled voice he said: "The air brakes have collapsed. We can do nothing and the chances are that the bridge has given way."

The clergyman stood on the first step, ready for a plunge. "Man," cried the others, "are you insane? You would be dashed to death at the speed at which we are going!"

"There is but one chance," said the soldier and the divine clung despairingly to the last hope, and their eager eyes pierced the darkness for a sight of the speaker's face. By a powerful thrust they found themselves back into the coach and heard the slam of the car door. The interior had become a furnace. The insensate mass gathered momentum as it slid down the incline to the bridge below. The men's faces were drawn into centuries of horror at the hideous fate ahead of them. Nevertheless, the man of God sank into the nearest seat and covered his eyes. With true martial instinct he had discovered the commander.

The stranger stood with his back to the door, a smile on his lips.

"We will plunge down into the river. It is a drop of only 20 feet. The engine and the baggage cars have passed over it. I think, in flames, but at least saved from the watery grave."

His glance rested upon the shivering frame of the seated passenger, and then he continued: "We must take our turn in getting out of the window before the cars fill, and of swimming to the surface of the river. It is only deep enough to cover the car, but the current is swift and strong."

They took their places at the closed window. There was a horrible downward rush and a hissing sound.

* * * At the window there was a

struggle. The abyssal brute was up-fermost, and its strife was that of one of the wild things that prowl and snarl and leap in the jungle.

The stranger's grayness gave way to some inner illumination, and he fell out of the ring. He pushed the clergyman forward and said, hoarsely:

"You go first. Save yourself and learn to teach men how to die." Then he turned to the soldier. "You deserve another death than this. Go next."

"But you, man—how about you?"

"Oh, I'm only Jim Ruggles running away from the law."

"The stage robber! You don't mean—"

"Yes, that's me. I've had many a chance. You can have this one. Don't waste a second; the car will fill with an awful rush. Say, don't forget—"

There was the feel of cold waters, and the lights went out.—San Francisco Bulletin.

CIGARS KEPT SINCE 1861.

Manufacturers, Unwilling to Pay Tax on 18,000, Now Dead—Revenue Officials Puzzled.

Reading, Pa.—The attention of the local internal revenue office has been called to an unusual case. Reuben Keinert, a cigar manufacturer, died recently in Hereford, this county. Stored at his home are 18,000 cigars that were made before the civil war, and the administrator of his estate is now wondering what to do with them. In addition to the cigars there is sufficient leaf tobacco to fill a four-horse wagon.

Keinert had the 18,000 cigars on hand when the government, needing money to carry on the war, passed the revenue law which made it necessary to put several dollars' worth of stamps on each 1,000 cigars. Mr. Keinert was opposed to this and declined to buy stamps. As a result he could not sell his cigars and for 45 years they have been stored.

About the time that the stamp law was passed he was offered \$2,000 in gold for the cigars, but he declined to sell, thinking that as soon as the war was over the revenue law in regard to the cigars would be repealed. With each recurring congress he expected this to happen, but each time the aged cigar-maker was disappointed.

After nearly half a century he died, with the revenue law in force and his 18,000 cigars in storage. They are in excellent condition. Friends of the decedent say he was a stubborn man and would never dispose of anything unless he secured his price.

Since Mrs. Clarence Mackey became school commissioner in Roslyn, she wished to make a birthday present to one of the children, a little girl, "I'll give you a doll," she said. "Thank you," said the girl. "And what kind of a doll?" "Twins, please," Twins it was.



THE SQUIRREL HUNTERS.

How the Farmers of Ohio Responded to the Call of the Governor in 1862.

"The story of the Squirrel Hunters," said the Old Timer in the Chicago Inter Ocean, "has never been written, and probably never will be. When Kirby Smith advanced on Cincinnati in 1862 he used his cavalry to screen the movement of his main army, and created a panic in Kentucky and Ohio. When he advanced in force business was suspended in Cincinnati, and practically the whole male population over 15 years of age was organized for work of military duty."

The defeat of the troops sent against Kirby Smith and their sufferings added to the public excitement, and when Gov. Tod suggested that the farmers and others who owned squirrel rifles, and could use them effectively, could save Ohio from invasion by hurrying to Cincinnati, the old men and young men acted on a common impulse. They bought powder, mold- ed bullets, and supplied with home-cooked rations and blankets, drove or went on foot to the nearest railroad town, joined with their neighbors in electing a captain for each 50 or 100 men, climbed on the first train that came along, and reported without delay to the general in command at Cincinnati.

"The movement was general and spontaneous, and nearly every county was represented. The first regiment from our county was 500 strong; that from an adjoining county 1,000 strong. The men were mostly from 40 to 60 years of age, and they were a queer lot. They were without military training, and as old Maj. Bur-

banks, of the regular army, looked over the gray-bearded countrymen he smiled grimly when our captain said: 'We are not much on the about face, but we know how to shoot. If you know on what road the rebels are coming, just put us there. Don't ask us to cut any monkey shins, but give us a chance to shoot and we will pick the rebels off like squirrels.'

"That day and night 10,000 men with squirrel rifles were across the confederate lines of advance, and the inspecting officer, after satisfying himself that the old codgers were all good marksmen, let it be known that there were 20,000 of the best shots in Ohio in line ready for business. Of course the old fellows in homespun were patronized by the boys in uniform, but they did not care. War was serious business to them, and many who had never been outside of their own counties were nervous and homesick. Others, however, were jolly and venturesome, and as the movement became so significant and impressive that the people of the city and the seasoned soldiers came to treat the Squirrel Hunters with touching tenderness and respect."

"When the rebels retreated the Squirrel Hunters returned quietly to their homes and they never were counted. Only those who reached the front responded when the legislature called for lists of names. Of the 50,000 affidavits only 15,000 received the Squirrel Hunter certificate from the governor. I was prouder of mine, however, than my son was of his colonel's commission. In every case that certificate, with its picture of a frontier squirrel hunter, represented service to the country without money and without price. There are not a few of them in Chicago, for the descendants of the Squirrel Hunters are widely scattered, but of the older Squirrel Hunters of 1862 there are few survivors."

WOUNDED SOLDIER'S NERVE

Wrote Last Message to His Wife While Doctor Held Back His Life's Blood.

One day an army surgeon was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck near the carotid artery.

Suddenly the blood vessel gave way, and just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow.

"Doctor," said the soldier, "what does that mean?"

"It means death," said the surgeon, calmly.

"How long can I live?" asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger," said the doctor.

The soldier asked for a pen and paper, wrote his will and an affectionate letter to his wife, and when the last thing was done said, quietly:

"Let it go."

The surgeon removed his finger, the blood rushed out, and in a few minutes the man was dead.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Huge Cannonball.

The biggest cannon ball ever made weighed 2,800 pounds, and was manufactured at the Krupp works, Essen, for the government of the czar. The gun from which the projectile was fired is also the largest in the world, and is placed in the fortifications of Cronstadt. This gun has a range of 12 miles, and it has been estimated that each shot costs \$300.

MUST MURDER TO QUALIFY

Club of Cut-Throats in Paris Composed of Youths Who Have Taken Life.

The "Five Points," the meaning of whose name is unexplained, are a cheerful gang of cutthroats just discovered. Their dark deeds read like gory stories of pirates of old.

A young fellow of 20, arrested for having shot down and half killed a woman whom he had never seen before in the boulevard de Clichy, told the police, "All I meant to do was to qualify."

On the further inquiry it was found that he was a probationary member of the "Five Points" gang. He had been accepted as a candidate for full honors five months ago, and had gone about with the gang on business. But he lacked the necessary qualification for complete membership.

The first rule of the cutthroats' club is that "every full member must have at least once killed or attempted to kill some man or woman." Robbery, burglary, arson and other minor crimes qualify you for only the probationary stage, that reached by our hero.

For five months he vainly tried to screw up his courage to the sticking place, and was despatched as being too full of the milk of human kindness by the band of brothers, for whom he acted as a mere tag, not on a footing of equality with them.

At last, taunted by them to desperation, he said: "I will bear it no longer; I will kill somebody this instant," and a woman passing by him as he spoke, he added: "Here goes!" and fired his revolver point blank at her temple.

The woman, who is in a hospital, may recover, but will lose one eye. The "Five Points" brothers, all of whom by the rules of their club have taken or attempted lives, are still at large.

STYLES IN PLAYING CARDS

Backs Are Decorated with Pictures in Keeping with the Seasons.

In the fall output of playing cards several new styles of decoration for the backs of the cards are shown. Some decks, which were apparently put upon the market at the beginning of horse show week, says the New York Sun, are ornamented with the pictured heads of hunters and jumpers; others represent gorgeous masses of chrysanthemums, while on still others the football hero holds forth.

In many houses in which cards form the chief amusement the scenes on the backs of the cards vary with the seasons. In summer the dawdler over whist and casino can acquire a reduced temperature by contemplating water, falls and forest vistas on the cards in her opponent's hand, while in winter the blood may be quickened by the sight of a snowy landscape.

The various sports, too, are all represented in their season. Several years ago when the cycling craze was at its height it was the fashion to decorate playing cards with bicycles. In the last two years the wheels have been superseded by automobiles. Many clubs and societies have their cards made to order, in which case the badge of the order forms the decoration. So important is this phase of decorative art considered by the manufacturers of playing cards that they keep in their employ persons whose sole business it is to study out new designs appropriate to the time and season.

FIERCE AND DEADLY TIDES.

Phenomenal Rise and Fall of the Sea Along the Breton Coast of France.

A Philadelphia girl was recently overtaken and drowned by the incoming tide on the west coast of France. A transplanted Breton said of this fatality:

"Can you, who see your own tides crawl in at the rate of ten feet or so an hour, imagine tides racing like wild white horses up the flat sands at the rate of half a mile a minute?"

"The extraordinary flatness of our Breton coasts gives us these phenomenal tides. The sea does not rise and fall. It appears and disappears. You have a vast and flat plain of sand. At a set hour the sea rushes in, white with salt, submerging this vast plain. At a set hour an unseen hand sucks the water back—30, 40, 50 miles—and nothing is visible but the plain white sand again."

Woe unto such as walk on this desolate plain when the tide begins to rise, for they must drown! Nothing can save them."

Origin of "Lunch."

A "lunch" etymologically, is just a lump; in the sixteenth century a "lunch of bacon" meant merely a slice or hunk of it. So Burns speaks of bread and cheese "dealt about in lunches," and Scott records that "little Benjie was ramming a huge luncheon of pie-crust into his mouth." While in modern times "lunch" is an abbreviation from "luncheon," the latter was originally an elongation of "lunch."

A philologist shows how the old "noon-shenk," noon-drink, came to mean noon-eating, and to appear as "noon-shoon;" and the development thereafter of "luncheon" from "lunch" was very natural.

Direct Information.

Neighbors—I say, Sloboy, when are you going to move?

Sloboy—Why, I have no intention of moving. What put that idea into your head?

Your landlord.—Chicago Daily News.

HAPPY WOMEN.

Wouldn't any woman be happy, After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, To find relief and cure? No reason why any reader Should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front St., Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I was doctoring for kidney and liver trouble, but without benefit. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and

lack of circulation. Had a knife been thrust into my kidneys the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular, and I was tortured with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed 100 pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price, 50 cents per box.

STEVEN'S

The difference between hitting and missing is the difference between an accurate and an inaccurate aim. Choose wisely—discriminate! Get a STEVEN'S. Forty years of experience behind our rifle and

RIFLES, PISTOLS, SHOTGUNS Rifle Telescopes, Etc.

Ask your dealer and insist! Send 4c in stamps for 25c on the STEVEN'S. If you figure catalog describing the entire STEVEN'S line cannot obtain, we will ship the entire STEVEN'S line, express prepaid, and containing points on the receipt catalog price. Ings. Ammunition, Etc.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 25 cents in stamps.

J. STEVEN'S ARMS AND TOOL CO., P. O. Box 496 CHICAGO FALLS, MASS., U.S.A.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION Price 50c & \$1.00 Coughs and Colds Free Trial.

Swiftest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

Not a Homeopathist.

"Is Dr. Blank a homeopathist?" was asked of the porter who answered the ring of the door-bell.

Hesitating for a moment, his African features lighting up, the porter replied:

"No, sah; no, sah. Dr. Blank goes out an' treats patients right along, sah."—Judge.

Can't Stand That.

"Tis the season of despair; But I'd stand the other troubles Were it not for football hair."—Chicago Sun.

FORCE OF HABIT.

He—Fitzgerald had to give up playing golf.

She—Why so?

He—He had played football so long that he couldn't help kicking the balls.—Chicago Journal.

Fidful.

It is a sad and painful sight, When winds are bleak and breezes raw, To see a lean and hungry wight Accoutred in a hat of straw.

—Chicago Sun.

DeWitt

DeWitt is the name to look for when you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the original and only genuine. In fact DeWitt is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the unadulterated

Witch-Hazel

All others are counterfeit—base imitations, cheap and worthless—even dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a specific for Piles; Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles; Also Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Constipation, Bolls, Carbuncles, Eczema, Itch, Salt Rheum, and all other Skin Diseases.

SALVE

PREPARED BY E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago

For Sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, Me.

"There goes Bjones the poet. I think the fire of genius burns in his breast, don't you?"

"No; I think it's the gnawing of hunger in his stomach."

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TARTAR

The original LAXATIVE cough remedy

The genuine FOLEY'S HONEY AND TARTAR Yellow package. Refuse imitations. Prepared only by Foley & Company, Chicago. For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Glazes and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Hair to its natural color. Cures scalp diseases & itchy scalp. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.

BETHEL, ME. Marble & Granite Workers

Chaste Designs. First-Class workmanship.

Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co.

HOLLISTER'S Rocky Mountain Tea Nuggets

A Busy Man's Tea. A Busy People's Tea. Golden Health and Renewed Vigor. A specific for Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Pimples, Eczema, Itching, and all other Skin Diseases. It's Rocky Mountain Tea. 25c and 50c a box. Genuine made in Hollister's Drug Company, Madison, Wis.

GOLDEN NUGGETS FOR SALLOW PEOPLE.

FOR SALE.

The Ryerson Place in Bethel.

Fine Country Place in Mayville, near Bethel. About 135 acres, 35 tillage, pasture, wood and timber. Cuts a goodly of hay. In good cultivation. Large two-story house with spacious ell and shed connected, 25 rooms; 2 large barns, 40x100 and 30x75. Water in house and barn. All excellent repair. House has been used as hotel by owners, but was built for private house. Has been much improved lately. Location is unexcelled for health, business, home life, or summer resort. Situated on the bend of the river, with fine view of the mountains; fronted by broad, level intervals backed by fine forests; first class community.

Upon the farm is the trotting course of the Riverside Park Association which with all buildings, goes with the farm. One of the most attractive and desirable places in the State. Excellent for summer boarders. Owner sells because the recent death of his son renders him unable to manage place. Price, \$10,000 on easy terms. Apply to HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Farm for Sale.

A nice farm situated in Lewiston within three miles of the city, on electric road; fifty acres of land, about equally divided as to pasture and tillage land; has thirty or forty fruit trees; a spring of pure water near house, also nice well water, excellent set of farm buildings including large hen-house, new; cellar under house, ell and stable; excellent land to cultivate, and cuts twenty-five tons of hay; early land, and excellent markets for vegetables, berries and all farm produce; never failing brook runs through the pasture. Will sell at a bargain and on easy terms. For particulars inquire of, or address,

E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

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"There goes Bjones the poet. I think the fire of genius burns in his breast, don't you?"

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THE HOME.

A Cheerful Blaze.

Cheerful blaze within the grate, Reflections bright upon the wall; Winter has come—we like of late cheerful blaze within the grate; though poor and

THE HOME.

A Cheerful Blaze.

A cheerful blaze within the grate, Reflections bright upon the wall; Winter has come—we like of late A cheerful blaze within the grate; Though poor and narrow our estate, We offer to the friends who call A cheerful blaze within the grate, Reflections bright upon the wall. —Portland Transcript.

Mothers and Boys.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely dutiful affection. I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her.

Next the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. And I never yet knew a boy to "turn out" badly who began by falling in love with his mother.

Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and weary wife. But the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the serene autumn as he did in the daisied springtime.

As king over the stalwart oak and lolly pine, the fig-tree would have been a dead failure, and as much out of place as some of our politicians are in Congress; but for bearing figs the oak and pine are its inferiors. Bearing figs is the grandest thing in the world for a fig tree. It shines in its own sphere; but stripped of its fig-bearing power, it has no excuse for existence. Sometimes a mother who reigns a majestic queen in her own household, forsakes her quiet sweetness of home rule for a noisy, rough, public career, for which she has not the slightest qualification. Of course there are no such mothers who are readers of this paper, but we have seen them and so have you.

Marriage is only beautiful, moral or holy when love rivets two hearts and peace and harmony brood over the hearthstone.

Many a time a cheerful home and happy face does more to make good men and women than all the learning and eloquence that can be used. It has been said that the sweetest words in our language are "Mother, Home and Heaven," and one might almost say the word home includes them all, for who can think of home without remembering the gentle mother who sanctified it by her presence? And is not home the dearest name in heaven? We think of the better land as a home where brightness will never end in night. Oh, then, may our homes on earth be the centers of all our joys; may they be as green spots in the desert to which we can retire when weary of the cares and perplexities of life and drink the clear waters of love which we know to be sincere and always unfeigned.

A lady received the following reply from a neighbor in answer to the question why she allowed her children and husband to litter up every room in the house, and the sentiment will find lodgment in the heart of every home-loving person in the land: "The mark of the little muddy feet upon the floor can be easier removed than the stain when those little feet go down into the highways of evil. The prints of the little fingers on the window pane cannot shut out the sunshine half so much as the shadow that darkens the mother's heart over the one who is but a name through the coming years. And if my John finds his home a refuge from care and trouble, and his greatest happiness within its four walls, he can put his boots in the rocking chair, and hang his coat on the floor every day in the week. And if I can stand it and he enjoys it, I cannot see that it is anybody else's business."

WHO SHE WAS

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM

And a True Story of How the Vegetable Compound Had Its Birth and How the "Panic of '73" Caused It to be Offered for Public Sale in Drug Stores.

This remarkable woman, whose maiden name was Estes, was born in Lynn, Mass., February 9th, 1819, coming from a good old Quaker family. For some years she taught school, and became known as a woman of an alert



Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

restoring the family fortune. They argued that the medicine which was so good for their woman friends and neighbors was equally good for the women of the whole world.

The Pinkhams had no money, and little credit. Their first laboratory was the kitchen, where roots and herbs were steeped on the stove, gradually filling a gross of bottles. Then came the question of selling it, for always before they had given it away freely. They hired a job printer to run off some pamphlets setting forth the merits of the medicine, now called Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and these were distributed by the Pinkhams sons in Boston, New York, and Brooklyn.

The wonderful curative properties of the medicine were, to a great extent, self-advertising, for whoever used it recommended it to others, and the demand gradually increased.

In 1877, by combined efforts the family had saved enough money to commence newspaper advertising and from that time the growth and success of the enterprise were assured, until today Lydia E. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound have become household words everywhere, and many tons of roots and herbs are used annually in its manufacture.

Lydia E. Pinkham herself did not live to see the great success of this work. She passed to her reward years ago, but not till she had provided means for continuing her work as effectively as she could have done it herself.

During her long and eventful experience she was ever methodical in her work and she was always careful to preserve a record of every case that came to her attention. The case of every sick woman who applied to her for advice—and there were thousands—received careful study, and the details, including symptoms, treatment and results were recorded for future reference, and to-day these records, together with hundreds of thousands made since, are available to sick women the world over, and represent a vast collaboration of information regarding the treatment of woman's ills, which for authenticity and accuracy can hardly be equaled in any library in the world.

With Lydia E. Pinkham worked her daughter-in-law, the present Mrs. Pinkham. She was carefully instructed in all her hard-won knowledge, and for years she assisted her in her vast correspondence.

To her hands naturally fell the direction of the work when its original passed away. For nearly twenty-five years she has continued it, and nothing in the work shows when the first Lydia E. Pinkham dropped her pen, and the present Mrs. Pinkham, now the mother of a large family, took it up. With woman assistants, some as capable as herself, the present Mrs. Pinkham continues this great work, and probably from the office of no other person have so many women been advised how to regain health. Sick women, this advice is "Yours for Health" freely given if you only write to ask for it.

Such is the history of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from simple roots and herbs; the one great medicine for women's ailments, and the fitting monument to the noble woman whose name it bears.

Love at Home.

Let love at home always stand with her arms over us to help lift the burdens that otherwise would weigh us down. Love lights a lamp that glows on when all might be shrouded in gloom. Love, sweet angel, strengthens the weary and steadies the hand that carries cordial to the sufferer's lips.

"Time will softly, sweetly glide When there's love at home."

Admit and keep love as a member of your household. Never for one moment think that your doing is unimportant, even if much of the wife and mother's time is passed in the kitchen. The noblest and the wisest live by eating, non poetic and common as it may seem. Think, tired housewife, not of piano trained fingers as becoming stiff and awkward and flushed from moulding the "staff of life," but consider what the members of your home are accomplishing. Your son is taking high rank in college and your daughter is to go as a missionary, and they derive strength of mind, frame and muscle from "mother's table." Are you not doing something indispensable. Your kitchen efforts help to run all the machinery of life. What would become of home if in discouragement the mother and home girls cease their doing? Out of the well-kept homes come the noblest of the land.

For the Boys.

Boys, be industrious. The world wants earnest workers. God never intended for any one to be idle. The more work you do, the sweeter will be your sleep and, brighter and happier your holidays. Take off your coat and make a dust in the world. But we would not repress your buoyant spirits or shut you out from all that is glad and happy in this beautiful world. We would like to pass an ordinance for each neighborhood to have a large playground, where the boys could meet, at least once a week, and enjoy a holiday. We would have it just as pleasant as it could be made, shaded by lovely trees, plenty of soft grass to tumble on and singing birds overhead. This would be so much nicer for our boys than loitering on street corners. We would have the old-fashioned games our grandfathers played and all modern improvements for developing the muscles. But, listen, boys we would not have any pastime you would blush for your parents or sisters to witness, such as scorch and wither every high and noble aspiration, degrade the soul and prepare the way for many of the sins that now corrupt society. We would not have that lovely spot desecrated by an oath.

An Hour With One Author.

Men don't die of threats. To act a lie is worse than to speak one.

Men are very much what women make them.

If all the world were agreed, it would be a very stupid place.

There are few women who are good judges of their own faces.

I set out to teach myself, and as a consequence I had a fool for my pupil.

She was endowed with good sense of the kind generally known as "common" though why it should be so is a mystery, seeing that it is comparatively rarely met with.

—Dr. William A. Hammond's "On the Susquehanna."

When Eggs Are Scarce.

When eggs are high one may be economical in many ways. For setting coffee I break an egg into a jelly glass, fill it with granulated sugar and mix thoroughly, cover closely and use a half teaspoonful to a pot of coffee. This will keep any length of time. For pumpkin pies I use but one egg to a pie and one tablespoonful of flour. No one can tell the difference. For a custard pie, two eggs and a tablespoonful of flour, says a Ladies' World correspondent.

Ho! For Mexico.

A number of persons have signified their intention of visiting Mexico on the special excursion which leaves Montreal by the Grand Trunk Railway System on January 29th next, among whom are several clergymen. The many features offered on this tour which are not given by any other is recognized by the traveler, and the knowledge that it is the only one through the "Oldest Country in the New World" covering all the principal points, seems to have appealed to those who know a good thing. Application to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, will secure handsomely illustrated literature and all particulars.

Found a Cure for Indigestion.

I use Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets for indigestion and find that they suit my case better than any dyspepsia remedy I have ever tried and I have used many different remedies. I am nearly fifty-one years of age and have suffered a great deal from indigestion. I can eat almost anything I want to now.—Geo. W. EMORY, Rock Mills, Ala. For sale by The Wiley Pharmacy, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel, E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

THE WOMEN AT HOME.

Our mothers, wives and daughters. Home is not home at all without them. Yet they may die and leave the house silent and sad. Depend upon it, the ladies are not always to blame when they are low spirited and "cross." They are sick. Tell them to use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and the color will come back to their cheeks and the laugh to their lips. Complaints

Are Linked Together.

They are associated by nature. Get one disease and you will have others. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy strikes at the root of all diseases. What is needed everywhere is a family medicine; one that will relieve and cure those diseases from which every family suffers more or less. It would save time, money, days of pain and sickness, worry and anxiety, and save dear and precious lives. This need is supplied.

By Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy a medicine that is adapted to all ages and both sexes, affording relief in all cases caused by impurity of the blood, such as kidney, bladder and liver complaints, constipation and weaknesses peculiar to women. No sufferer should despair as long as this remedy is untried. It has

An Unbroken Record of Success for nearly forty years, and has won hosts of friends. No household is contented when one or more of its members suffer from any of the above mentioned ailments, or even frequently from some tedious and wearing disease. Are you suffering from any diseases traceable to the causes mentioned? If so, Dr. Kennedy has stated his personal and professional reputation on the statement that Favorite Remedy will do you good.

Dr. D. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy
Rondout, N. Y. Price \$1; or 6 for \$5. All druggists Sold by W. E. Bosserman, Bethel, Me.

They Cure! Harvard Headache Powders

Will be found to give immediate relief in all cases of Nervous, Neuralgia, and Sick Headache. 25 cents per box.—Prepared and Sold by

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Mail orders promptly filled.

One Minute Cough Cure
For Coughs, Colds and Croup.

IRA C. JORDAN,

Dealer in

General Merchandise and

GRAIN,

BETHEL,

MAINE.

C. K. FOX,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods and Groceries

Men's, Women's and Children's Shoes,

Gents' Furnishings.

Ask about Dutchess Trousers.

Ten cents a button, one dollar a rip.

Main Street,

Bethel, Maine.

GRASS SEED.

Timothy, Hungarian,

Lawn Grass, Alsike

and New York Clover.

Fertilizers, Lime and Cement.

Corn, Flour and Feed.

Woodbury & Purington, Bethel.

YOU'RE THE MAN WE'RE AFTER

FOR AN AGENCY OR INSURANCE CONTRACT WRITE
F. H. HAZELTON & CO.
MANAGERS FOR MAINE. EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
93 EXCHANGE ST. PORTLAND, ME.

25¢ A COPY

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The more Magazines there are, the more Indispensable is The Review of Reviews

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT says:
"I know that through its columns views have been presented to me that I could not otherwise have had access to; because all earnest and thoughtful men, no matter how widely their ideas diverge, are given free utterance in its columns."

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NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY. YOU CAN MAKE A SAFE INCOME AT HOME AND BUILD UP A PERMANENT BUSINESS. WRITE AT ONCE TO

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WILEY AND TAYLOR
The original
LIVE COUGH REMEDY
The genuine
HONEY and TAR
package. Refuse substitutes.
Prepared only by
Wiley & Company, Chicago.
Sole by G. R. Wiley.

PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM
Gleams and beautifies the hair.
Never fails to restore gray hair to its youthful color.
Cures scalp diseases and itching humors.
25c and 50c at Druggists.

WHITNEY & CO.
Granite
Work

Designs.
Mass workmanship
of inquiry prompt

See our work.
Guaranteed.

WHITNEY & CO.

HOLLISTER'S
Mountain Tea Nuggets
Sold by Bay People,
Research and Renewal of
Constitution, Indigestion, Headaches,
Pimples, Eczema, Itchiness,
Stomach Troubles, Rheumatism,
Sciatica, Gout, Gravel, etc.
A box, Genuine Mountain Tea Nuggets,
50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

FOR SALE.

Place in Bethel,
Place in Mayville, Me.
135 acres, 35 tillage,
timber. Cuts a good
cultivation. Large
spacious ell and shed
on house and barn. All
House has been used
but was built for private
much improved lately
called for health, business
summer resort. Situated
over, with fine view of the
by broad level intervals
rests; first class commu-

is the trotting course
Association which with
with the farm. One
and desirable place
tent for summer board
se the recent death of
unable to manage place
easy terms. Apply to
HERRICK & PARK,
Bethel, Me.

for Sale.
situated in Lewie
miles of the city,
fifty acres of land,
divided as to pas-
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Wiley Bethel, Me.

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HOREHOUND DROPS.

The kind you had in your childhood days.

These old-fashioned horehound drops will taste just as good, to you to day as those your mother used to doctor your childhood coughs with, for they're made just the same—just, pure sugar and fresh horehound herb.

They are a simple remedy, but effective, nevertheless.

The hundred pounds we opened yesterday won't last long the way they are going so you better get your pound as soon as possible.

Price 20c. a pound

W. E. BOSSERMAN, Druggist.

BETHEL, MAINE.

CHRISTMAS COMFORTER.

How It Brought a Soldier of the Blue and a Soldier of the Gray Into Sympathy.

"Christmas in the early days," said Addison Ballard, "was not like the Christmas of this day. I was raised in Warren county, O., and in a neighborhood of well-to-do people, and here is what I received from my parents as a Christmas gift: One big red apple, a little sack of choice hickory nuts, one pair of knit mittens and a homemade knit comforter to wear round the neck.

"In addition myself and brothers were given jointly one cent's worth of powder, which was inserted in a cornucop and exploded, or in a hole bored in a log. In the latter case other boys joined with their allowance of powder to have a greater explosion. For candy we had maple sugar and for a special treat the young people of the neighborhood climbed the hills near our house to hear the boom of cannon fired in Cincinnati 15 miles away."

"I was that sort of a Buckeye boy myself," said the sergeant, "but of a later date. I wore a red or a red and white comforter as late as the year before the war, and my Christmas gift from home in 1862 was a pair of closely knit red and black mittens. We were then in camp at Nashville and the mittens were a great comfort, but were regarded as a standing joke by the boys. We were rather cozily quartered and we began to prepare for Christmas a week in advance.

"Some of the boys went ten and fourteen miles east and south from camp looking for geese or turkeys, chickens or rabbits. Those who went outside our lines came back excited and anxious. They found everywhere indications of a general advance on Christmas day, and they didn't like it. On December 24 we knew that we would spend Christmas in camp, but that we would advance in battle order on the morning of December 25. Knowing this and knowing that three days' rations were to be cooked and carried in haversacks the boys were not as merry on Christmas day, 1862, as they had expected to be.

"The whole army moved toward Murfreesboro on the morning of the 26th, and as we passed waiting regiments I saw several pairs of mittens not unlike my own, and I knew that the good mothers at home had thought of our cold hands. One man I saw wearing a red comforter such as I had worn as a boy, and I wondered if he came from the old home neighborhood. Five days after that as our brigade emerged from the cedars at Stone River, pursued by the confederates, I saw in the confederate line two men wearing red comforters.

"One of these wore the comforter

around his neck, with ends crossed on his breast and carried down to his belt. The other wore the comforter around his neck with ends flying. I wondered if these were, like my mittens, Christmas gifts from old-fashioned homes. I knew later, because the confederate of the red comforter fell, not five steps from where I went down, with two wounds. It was very cold that night, and the wounded in blue and gray began to creep towards the little depression in which I was lying and snuggled close to keep from freezing.

"Some one took my mittens out of my pocket and put them on my arm, most helpless hands, and some one else able to use his hands lifted my head to his lap as he sat on the ground, and I felt the ends of a knit comforter brush across my face. It was fresh and new, and he said it was a Christmas gift and he had worn it in battle because his mother had sent it. That led the freezing men, huddled together like shivering hogs, to talk of Christmas and their people at home, and I found that my man of the red comforter was of the same stock as myself, his family settling in Tennessee, mine in Ohio.

"He had a pair of mittens like my own, and the customs of the two homes were not unlike. We did not freeze that night, and were carried off the field next day, but in such condition that I never knew how we were removed nor what became of the men who came to me that night. Some of them did not recover, I was told in the hospital, but I was informed that not one of the dead wore a red comforter. All this came back to me yesterday when I came across a white army hospital blanket with my initials worked in red in one corner. It was my blanket, and I remembered that as the letters went into shape 42 years ago a tear fell from my mother's eyes for every stitch taken. I lived, however, to carry that blanket through the war."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Too Sensitive.

"Those Chinese made a dreadful fuss just because one of our admirals shot a Chinese woman by mistake. They are so painfully lacking in civilizing influences. Just notice how our Maine guides are popped over—and nobody ever thinks of going to war about it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Poor Freddy.

Reggy—Why does Freddy have so deuced many broken cigars in his vest pocket?
Clarence—Sh! Freddy wants the chaps to think he hugs so many girls, so he breaks the cigars and puts them in his vest pocket every evening.—Chicago Daily News.

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A VICTIM OF LUCK

By WYMOND ADDERLY

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Aunt Maria is a devout worshiper at the shrine of the Goddess Luck. I imagine from her uncertainty this deity is feminine.

Aunt Maria is fat, fair and 50, with a well-endowed purse and eccentric; the very type of aunt to inspire affection in the bosoms of her relatives, particularly as she is a widow and childless.

One day last month when funds were running low, and the world seemed full of importunate people who expect to have their bills paid, I thought that perhaps a visit to Aunt Maria with timely reference to the expenses of the season might reap its due reward. I flattered myself I was her favorite nephew, and so in my most unimpeachable get-up I presented myself on her doorstep one morning, and inquired of John Thomas if Mrs. Smith-Brown-Jones was at home.

I may say here that Aunt Maria's married name is Smith, but as we have all heard there is luck in odd numbers she has superadded her maiden name of Brown, and to make the mystic spell complete her mother's maiden name.

Aunt Maria was bustling down the stairs as I entered.

"Why, Arthur, this is luck," she exclaimed. "I am just going off to do a day's shopping. I hate shopping alone and shall be so glad to have you with me."

I feigned a delight I was very far from feeling, and meekly followed my respected relative down the steps.

As we bowed round the corner Aunt Maria turned to me with a face of dismay.

"There, if I haven't forgotten my purse," she said; "well I am an idiot." I did not of course contradict her, but merely suggested we could easily



LOCKED IN HIS SOOTY EMBRACE.

return, and seized the check string to call James' attention, but my aunt grasped my hand firmly and said:

"I couldn't possibly turn back, Arthur; it is so unlucky. How much money have you?"

I pulled out nearly all my worldly wealth, about twenty-five dollars in bills and some odd silver.

"Is that all?" she said, scornfully, taking it, however. "Well, you have your check book?"

"No," I said, hurriedly, "I—er never carry one, they're so heavy."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter. I can easily get some money at one of the shops where I deal. I'll send you a check to-morrow for this; at least not to-morrow of course, that's Friday and if possible I never write a check on Friday, it is such an unlucky day. You shall have it Saturday."

I thought it would be a much unluckier day for me if I didn't get it and mentally resolved to stick to Aunt Maria till I saw her safely inside her door again when I should have a chance of getting my money.

We proceeded comfortably for some distance when the carriage was blocked a little. In an evil moment my aunt's eagle eyes glancing out of the window descried a horse shoe of huge size just dropped by some passing dray horse.

"Oh, Arthur," she exclaimed, in tones of ecstasy, "I must have that lovely horseshoe. You can easily slip out while we're blocked and pick it up for me."

I reluctantly opened the carriage door and descended into the mud. Of course the moment I left the carriage the block broke up and I was engulfed in a roaring tide of destruction. Bus drivers swore at me, rubber tires spat me from head to toe, and as I grasped the "luck-bringer" a ruffian who was also making for it snatched it from my clutch.

I felt quite ashamed of myself as I gained the carriage, with James and Thompson grinning and with the pristine beauties of my garments sadly dimmed.

Aunt Maria never glanced at my disheveled appearance.

"Where is the horseshoe, Arthur?" she demanded, sternly. "You don't mean to say that you haven't got it when I particularly asked you to."

"I am sorry," I said, sulkily. "I supposed you would not wish me to steal it, that would hardly be lucky."

"Well, I don't know," said Aunt Maria, thoughtfully; "stolen coal is one of the luckiest things. I always make a point of stealing just a little piece from some one else's scuttle and carrying it about with me. I shouldn't wonder if a stolen horseshoe might not be the luckiest of all. It was really

most tiresome of you not to bring it. I should probably have had the most unprecedented luck."

At Twenty-third street we got out and sent the carriage home. Walking down Broadway my relative's substantial foot struck a piece of iron. With an agility quite remarkable in a lady of her age she stooped, seized the fetich, a metal boot tip, and calmly flung it over her left shoulder, where it struck in the eye an unoffending clergyman, causing him to utter a howl of rage and pain.

"That woman is mad," he exclaimed, in loud tones which at once attracted the attention of the passers-by, "she deliberately hurled in my face a missile of some kind, which may cause serious mischief. She should certainly not be permitted at large. Police-man," as a burly guardian of the peace approached, "I must ask your protection from this ferocious female who has just assaulted me."

"The man is mad himself," said Aunt Maria, indignantly. "I never assaulted anyone in my life! I am a widow lady, Mrs. Smith-Brown-Jones. Here is my card."

My aunt's commanding and stately appearance evidently impressed the policeman, for he suggested to the parson he must have been mistaken.

After this episode Aunt Maria's feelings required sustaining by a good lunch at Shanley's, where she recovered sufficiently to sharply reprimand the waiter for crossing the knives, thereby leaving a loophole for the demons of ill-luck, and inadvertently spilling the salt she again hurled some over her left shoulder, which powdered the coat of a smart old gentleman just passing.

Leaving the restaurant she darted nimbly into the road in preference to walking under a ladder, and I to save her from being run over by a cabby who could not pull up in time, had to seize his horse by the head and swing it half round.

Later I unluckily caught sight of the new moon and commented on the fact to my aunt.

"Oh where, where?" she cried anxiously, and catching sight of the pale crescent she at once commenced an extraordinary series of genuflections, repeating as she did so in loud tones: "Bonnie lady moon, will you send me a present?"

Now the spectacle of a stout elderly lady in a crowded thoroughfare bobbing solemnly up and down is bound to cause considerable comment, and my ears tingled as murmurs of: "Quite a well-dressed woman, how shocking," "How awful for her son, I suppose. He almost looks like a gentleman," rose on all sides of me.

"For heaven's sake, Aunt Maria," I cried in despair as she straightened herself and commenced solemnly to turn over all the coins in her purse, "come along, don't you see half New York is watching your devotional exercises?"

"What nonsense you talk, Arthur," said Aunt Maria, placidly. "If you turn your money you will never want for it all that moon. What a pity you didn't think of it."

"One lunatic in the family is enough," I muttered as I hustled Aunt Maria through the crowd.

We reached my aunt's house without further excitement.

In front of the house holding on to a lamp-post and chanting to himself in a raucous voice: "I am the bee," was an inebriated ash man. Upon catching sight of him Aunt Maria horrified me by kissing her hands to him. Happening to look our way at the moment he let go the lamp-post and hurled himself in our direction, and the next second I was locked in his sooty embrace. After a protracted struggle I succeeded in freeing myself at the cost of a torn coat. Aunt Maria had made good her retreat into the house, where, boiling with rage, I followed to be greeted in the hall with: "Oh, Arthur, how extremely lucky to be sure. To kiss your hand to an ashman always brings luck!"

It was the last straw. I will draw a veil over the scene that followed; suffice it to say on Saturday morning I received a note in the third person inclosing a check for the money she had borrowed, omitting the odd change, and saying after my disgraceful conduct Aunt Maria hoped never to see me again.

The favorite nephew now is my cousin, William Brown. And I hear that as "Little Fancy" shares in which she is interested went up the day after our trip she is now a greater devotee of luck than ever.

THE PRICE WE MUST PAY.

I know right well, and you know right well, The thing that we ought to do. But the tempter comes with a luring spell.

And his wares have a roscate hue; And we say: "This once, if aside we look."

It will never count, I trow!— But what of the one who keeps the book?

And don't you suppose he'll know? Do you fancy that sin will leave no scar?

That law may be well defaced? That you carry no mark of what you are?

Far out on the other side? The wrong that you did another yet bears.

Will carry it all of the way. And sure is the time when, unawares, It will come, by your side to stay.

Oh, I know right well—e'en my blindness sees— That the price we shall not escape; The penalty comes despite our pleas.

To leave us, a grizzly shape, Forgotten neglect and the wayward deed. They shall stand, an accusing row, With only the good we have done to plead.

For those who have strayed below. —San Francisco Call.

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